

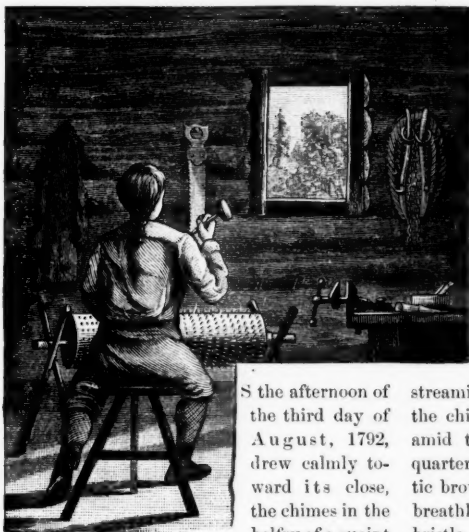
THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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THE COTTON-GIN; ITS INVENTION AND EFFECTS.



St the afternoon of the third day of August, 1792, drew calmly toward its close, the chimes in the belfry of a quaint

old English church pealed solemnly and slow, with measured swing, as with stately pomp wound by impressively amidst bare-headed, reverential throngs, the funeral cortege of the man who had, above all others during the eighteenth century, with one possible exception, wrought most for England's good and glory, Richard Arkwright, high sheriff, knight, and millionaire, if not the father, at least the practical-perfector of cotton-spinning.

From the rags and squalor of a barber's cellar, merely by dint of a well-balanced mind, combined with the most inveterate persistency, this man, though profoundly ignorant of mechanics, had won his way to fame, rank, dignity, and affluence, and died, full of years, and with but one regret: that his own wonder-working invention, the "water-frame," and the still more remarkable steam-power engine of his friend, James Watt, patented coterminously with his own, and in combination with it capable of clothing the world in a

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twelve-month, were likely to prove abortive and fall far short of their ultimate fruition simply from the want of the raw material upon which to work.

But Progress leaves nothing incomplete. Like an attentive and skillful husbandman, she knows exactly when and how to graft.

At the self-same hour on this 3rd of August, 1792, that the body of the dead inventor was lowered into its final resting place; as the evening shadows thickened among the churchyard yews of Nottingham, the rays of the trans-atlantic meridian sun,

streaming down in sweltering fury, penetrated the chinks of a rough log cabin embosomed amid the live-oaks of a Georgia plantation quarter, and flecked the toil-stained, enthusiastic brow of a solitary workman, self-absorbed, breathless and panting, as wire, wood, and bristle, under the deft manipulation of his ready fingers, assuming definite shape and form, at last outlined in solid reality the mental configuration he had revolved for weeks, giving abundant promise, even in its crude incipency, of its majestic future.

And thus went forth, to supplement the union of the steam-engine and the spindle, their great auxiliary and sister, the cotton-gin!

This man was Eli Whitney, colleague in revolution and coparcener in fame with Arkwright and with Watt. And, be it said to the eternal honor of the Anglo-Saxon name, that, while in this year of grace, 1792, havoc and terror ran riot in the Faubourg St. Antoine; while the tumbrils rumbled ceaselessly over the stones, and the gutters of the Place de la Grève daily vomited forth their blood; while incendiarism blazed wildly throughout all France, and that infamous Gallic trio, Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, held high carnival amid the universal ruin—another revolution, bloodless, yet equally effective in its results,

with a force at once steady, irresistible, relentless for good as the former for evil, was in progress across the channel and the Atlantic. And while the guillotine, the shell, and the saber chopped and shrieked and splattered away, affrighting and depopulating a continent; while France was erecting a monument to glory—and to butchery—across the waters, the spinning-frame, the engine, and the cotton-gin, revolutionary agents of that other great Directory, Arkwright, Watt, and Whitney, were slogging and whizzing and buzzing along in the peaceful marts of trade, giving bread and occupation to the millions, thrusting a third-rate monarchy at once into the foremost place among the powers of Europe, and establishing firmly and forever the mighty destiny of the American Republic.

A study of the history of every invention, from the remotest times, develops the fact that whenever a close and urgent necessity arises the genius of man is equal to the emergency. A little lucubration, a little patience and experimenting, and out comes the derided dream of the visionary, tangible and clothed in reality. It has been ever so, from the primeval plow of Tubal-Cain to the Bell telephone; and the fact itself should serve to impress us with no little amount of self-respect, and at the same time teach us to be chary of holding any thing impossible in the future; all that is requisite is imperative demand. And a brief inquiry into the condition of affairs in England and America some ninety years ago will convince us that the times were indeed ripe for the inventor.

For several centuries the agricultural, grazing, and mining industries of Great Britain, combined with the little manufacturing that was done, and her maritime interests, always more or less extensive, had proved sufficient to support the population. This, however, had become so great, in course of time, by natural increase, that but for the depopulating effects of the almost incessant warfare waged throughout the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, and the various employments of the populace at home incident thereto, affairs would have reached a crisis long before they did. This increase had become especially noticeable during the eight or ten years of comparative peace immediately anterior to 1792. But by that time the multitudes had begun to howl for bread, or, at least, for employment, which is equivalent to bread; and no ministry and no government is safe when the people begin to howl, and howl in vain.

But the remedy which ministers and king had failed to find was at hand—nearer, far nearer, than the wildest schemer had dreamed. The times were ripe for invention; mechanical genius responded, and the laws of nature, studied and analyzed, chained down and regulated, swept away, as with a besom, the lowering incubus at which all human legislation stood appalled.

Under the pressure of necessity the inventive genius of Watt evolved the practical application of steam as a motor in the industrial arts, and that of Arkwright the power spinning-frame. But, as before stated, while the two inventions in combination were capable of turning out an almost incalculable amount of goods, and of affording employment to countless thousands of laborers, the great difficulty staring them in the face was the absolute want of material.

It seemed the sarcasm of fate. Here was England, possessing two priceless secrets, all her own, by which she could monopolize the manufacture of woolen goods, profitably employ her dissatisfied surplus population, easily become the first manufacturing country on the face of the globe, and rapidly fill to overflowing her depleted coffers, checked on the very point of grasping her prize and confronted with the stupefying discovery that her looms must sleep and her spindles canker because she could obtain nothing with which to keep them running.

For the supply of wool and flax in the United Kingdom was not sufficient to keep a dozen mills under the new process busy for five months in the year; while the importation of cotton amounted to only about six million pounds (13,000 bales) per annum; a quantity that one big Lancashire mill of the present day would easily consume while running on half time.

Across the Atlantic affairs were in even a worse condition than in Great Britain.

Just emerged from a long, bloody, and costly war, waged for our very existence, "we, the people," had as yet to solve the problem of successful self-government. Burdened with a heavy war debt, saddled with a depreciated paper currency almost as worthless as the subsequent far-famed "assignat" of the French Republic, or the equally celebrated "shin-plaster" of Confederate times—working under a Constitution, into acceptance of which the last recalcitrant State had just been persuaded, though the instrument itself had been framed several years previously—no wonder that anx-



Eli Whitney

iety and incertitude froze the channels of trade and effectually paralyzed commerce and manufacture. No wonder that French letters of marque were showered into New England ports, and that the ship-owners of Salem and Boston were forced, like famished vultures, to dig their beaks into any thing that promised a meal, while one universal grumble went up from the Merrimac to the Mississippi.

The condition of the South Atlantic States was, perhaps, even more pitiable than that of their more Northern sisters. They were, to begin with, more sparsely settled. The Creek, Cherokee, and Catawba still hung sullenly on their frontiers, menacing and retarding development. They did little or nothing in the way of manufacturing, being essentially an agricultural people, whose staple crop was then, as it still is in two of the Southern States, tobacco. Stock-raising was a minor industry, as the great

capacity of this section for that purpose was not then either understood or appreciated. Its geology was unknown, and its vast mineral wealth entirely undisturbed.

But all the world does not indulge in the luxury of tobacco, though all the civilized world, at least, must cover its back. And while sugar and rice, to a certain extent, were cultivated on the coast and in the low lands along the principal streams of South Carolina and Georgia, the possibilities of cotton as a great staple crop, had, previously to the introduction of Arkwright's processes, been entirely ignored, and even afterward, for several years, discussed in a vague, desultory, intangible sort of way.

Every one was dissatisfied, and ready on a moment's notice to gather his household gods and emigrate—whither, he cared not. Affairs could scarcely be worse, and might prove better any where else than at home.

Not evil only must be charged to the much despised and maledicted Tory. In some measure he has compensated for his misdeeds. Thomas Spalding, of Sapelo Island, Georgia, late in the "eighties" received a bag of sea island cotton seed from Colonel R. Kellsall, formerly a Georgia Tory, then a resident of Exuma, one of the Bahamas, where this cotton had been introduced in 1785 from the Island of Anguilla, in the Caribbean Sea.

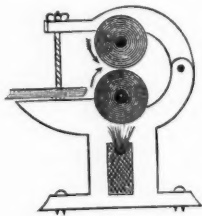
Its culture soon became, and has since ever been moderately profitable; the great length, flexibility, and softness of its fiber being utilized in the manufacture of the finer varieties of cotton goods. But there was not, by any means, a "bonanza" in its production.

In the first place, its culture was confined to the sea islands along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, and to the main-land within a limited distance from the sea. All attempts to colonize it further inland have failed. Again, it is not a particularly productive variety, going largely to weed, and fruiting poorly, the average yield being only about a bale to four acres. And lastly, while machinery was used in separating the lint from the seed as early as 1792, the roller gin, an invention of Joseph Eve, of Exuma, afterward a resident of Georgia, was only capable, at that time, of separating from twenty-five to thirty pounds per day.

This gin, a counterpart of which is said to have been used by the ancient Hindoos, Nearchus having mentioned it in the remains of his voyage down the Indus, was only capable of cleaning the sea island, or "long-staple" cotton; the fiber of the "short-staple" or "up-

land," being too tenacious and not possessing sufficient length to enable the rollers to take hold.

The lint of this variety (probably not the *Gossypium herbaceum* of Linnaeus, but a cross of that with the *hirsutum*), had to be separated from the seed by



hand, and a pound a day was the task allotted to a strapping negro woman. Consequently, while more prolific and in every way easier to raise, upland cotton was only planted for home consumption, and principally by the poorer classes at that, whose occupation around the blazing fireside during the long winter evenings was seeding the product of their half-acre

patch, and industrious, indeed, was the family that in a whole month succeeded in separating enough to fill a good-sized "bed-tick."

But old debts stick as tight as cotton lint, and planters are not by any means exempt from taxes; and so it happened that one summer afternoon in 1792 a party of gentlemen were dining at "Mulberry Grove," near Savannah, the residence of Mrs. Greene, widow of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. This was some time before that excellent lady transferred her home to grand old "Dungenness." Otherwise, perhaps, this story had never been recorded.

As usual, the conversation turned upon the distressed condition of affairs in general, and the hard lot of the Southern planter in particular. Some one groaningly complained of the insuperable difficulty in the way of the culture of upland cotton—a culture, but for this obstacle, of such magnificent promise—and incidentally remarked that not only a fortune, but absolute apotheosis awaited the fortunate inventor of some rapid and economical method of separating the lint from the seed.

Upon the conclusion of their jeremiad, Mrs. Greene laughingly suggested:

"Gentlemen, why don't you apply to Mr. Whitney? He can do it, I am sure. He can make any thing."

A critic might urge that the worthy Mrs. Greene could possibly have expressed herself a trifle more elegantly and accurately upon a crisis of so much subsequent biographical importance; but her prosaic verbiage is now on record as history, and as such is reproduced. And even if her assertion was somewhat exaggerated, Mrs. Greene, at least, had certainly good cause for her exalted opinion of Mr. Whitney's capacity. He had been for only a short period an inmate of her house, but during that time had exhibited abundant proof of his mechanical powers, and thoroughly ingratiated himself in the good lady's favor.

Whitney was a native of one of the "three celestial empires," as Edward Eggleston humorously classifies China, Virginia, Massachusetts—having been born at Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765.

His early childhood probably varied little from the average, but ere he had reached his teens he developed a most remarkable mechanical genius, and, to young Eli, in preference to the village cabinet-maker, were carried the wrecked toys of his companions, which he mended and improved with great good nature.

His own playthings were never found in a slovenly or broken state, and, aside from his inventions in that direction, his skill in repairing enabled him to yearly add to his store; and so, with the largest collection of toys in his community, we may fairly infer that Eli was quite popular with the small fry.

As he grew older, his talent and invention took a more practical turn. He was especially devoted to the manufacture and repair of violins and other musical instruments. But his precocity was even then poorly appreciated by his parents; and the father, who one day petulantly remarked that he feared his boy "would never be fit for any thing but making fiddles," little dreamed that the mechanical aptitude he thus ridiculed would one day revolutionize the industrial world.

Principally by the manufacture of the derided fiddle, but partly also by that mainstay of the talented and impecunious, teaching, Eli managed to work his way through Yale, from whence he graduated in 1792, at the age of twenty-six. He was immediately offered a position as tutor in a private family resident at Savannah. Although he started immediately for his field of labor, those were not the days of palace steamers and express trains, and transit was any thing but rapid; so, upon arriving at his destination, he ascertained that his employers had become impatient at his delay, and had installed another in his place.

His perplexity was great. Far from home, in a strange land, without money and without friends, his position was becoming serious, when, by good luck or the rulings of Providence, he formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Greene. By her he was offered a temporary home while he undertook the study of the law.

But Chitty and Blackstone were not for Whitney. He had hardly domiciled himself at Mulberry Grove before Mrs. Greene happened to break a peculiarly shaped needle used in crocheting or in some similar species of embroidery or fancy work. As the instrument was of foreign manufacture it could not readily be replaced. Whitney asked to see it, and in a short while, greatly to Mrs. Greene's astonishment, produced an exact counterpart. Other contrivances followed, all of more or less importance in her household economy, until her faith in the mechanical powers of the young "celestial" became as unbounded as we have seen.

Whitney, before commencing work, had but the vaguest idea of what was required. He had

never even seen either seed-cotton or the growing plant. But rather than disappoint his kindly hostess, upon her request, though with little hope of success, he undertook the task.

Next day he started out on foot to Savannah, to procure, if possible, some seed-cotton. As this was early in the summer, it was difficult to find any, but he finally succeeded in obtaining a little left over from the previous year. His next step was to examine the "roller gin" used for sea-island cotton; and for this purpose a neighboring plantation was visited—that of Mr. Phineas Miller. As Whitney watched the revolution of the double rollers, seizing the long silken fiber and tearing it away from the seed with the vise-like grasp of their grooved perimeter, the inspiration flashed through his mind. Why not, for the shorter lint of the upland cotton, stud the surface of the rollers with wire prongs, that, moving between the bars of a grating holding the seed-cotton, would catch the lint upon their points and tear it from the seed, leaving the detached seed, too large to pass between the bars of the grating, to slide by their own gravity down to a point where the wires flared and were farther apart to admit the seed falling through? All that was necessary was to allow a wider space between the rollers.

Back he went, under the full impression that he had solved the problem. Into Savannah again for wire and tools. But to his astonishment he discovered that neither the kind of wire nor the tools he wanted could be purchased in the little city. Undismayed, he returned home and secured from Mrs. Greene, for a workshop and forge, the antiquated log cabin in which we found him at the beginning of this sketch. There he made ready to fashion, with such rough tools as he could command, the peculiar ones he needed for his purpose, and devoted day after day to the laborious task of hammering out his rods of iron, heating them in his primitive furnace, and little by little drawing them out into wire.

Sometimes, in the cool of the evening, Mrs. Greene would drop in to enliven his solitude and encourage him with her cheerful anticipations; but generally he was alone, with enthusiasm for his sole companion.

When at last tools and material were prepared and he was ready to begin the construction of his machine, the startling intelligence was conveyed to him, that, in upper Georgia, one Joseph Watkins had already a gin for upland cotton in successful operation. He was

thunderstruck! And well he might be. And so to-day will be many another who learns that Eli Whitney, while none the less the legitimate inventor of the cotton-gin, as he had already developed independently in his mind its essential features, and though undoubtedly its improver and introducer, was neither its first inventor, constructor, nor operator. Truth is inevitable and relentless; and, while the position of an iconoclast is unenviable, history must be preserved. All that is here stated regarding Joseph Watkins, can, upon demand, be thoroughly substantiated. The fact that the planters of the seaboard were altogether unacquainted with the existence of his gin at the time they made application to Whitney may be easily accounted for by taking into consideration the isolated location of Mr. Watkins, his great distance from the coast, and the difficulty of communication at that time.

Moreover, Whitney is not in the least degree robbed of his well-earned laurels. For he is the true inventor who succeeds in impressing his invention upon civilization; and did we measure by abstractions, inasmuch as "there is nothing new under the sun," there could exist no absolute and original inventions whatever.

But in connection with Mr. Watkins, it may not be amiss to recall the fact that three of the most important innovations of the age—the cotton-gin, the steamboat, and the sewing-machine—were originally the inventions of native Georgians, and neither of them for their pains reaped ever any thing, either in the way of honor or emolument.

It is probably well known that some fifteen years before the Clermont paddled up the Hudson, Mr. Longstreet, grandfather of General James Longstreet, had a steamboat in operation on the Savannah River, near Augusta, using it for some time as a ferry-boat to transport both freight and passengers.

Not quite so well known, perhaps, but equally true is the invention of the sewing-machine by the Reverend Mr. Goulding. As he was taking his machine to Augusta in an open buggy, an unlucky accident overturned it in a creek, where it lay for a considerable period before it was fished up. In the meanwhile Howe had taken out a patent based upon the suggestions of Mr. Goulding's machine, though Mr. Goulding himself frankly admits that Howe had so greatly improved upon the original machine as to be morally as well as legally entitled to the patent.

If to these inventions we add the discovery of anæsthesia, and its first application in surgery, by Dr. Crawford Long, of Athens, whose statue Georgia voted to place beside Oglethorpe's as her contribution to the rotunda of the National Capitol, a list is made out of which any State might well be proud.

But let us return. Upon hearing of Watkins' machine, Whitney did just about the wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances, packed his grip-sack and started out to inspect it in person.

Mr. Watkins lived near Petersburg, a little town in Elbert County, on the Savannah River, fifty miles above Augusta. Petersburg at that time was a bustling, thriving tobacco market, with brick warehouses and a good trade. To-day it is a wilderness of cotton-wood, broom-sedge, and blackberry bushes, with not even a solitary chimney to mark the spot where once it stood.

After a tedious staging trip, Whitney arrived at Mr. Watkins' plantation, and was courteously and hospitably received in the old-time Southern style. He was conducted by his amiable host over the whole plantation, and all its attractive features and improvements delightedly exhibited. Appreciative visitors were rare in those days.

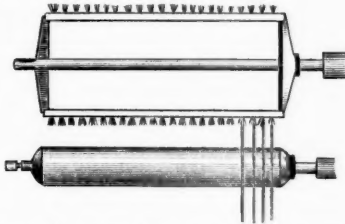
Whitney, among other things, examined the gin, and found that it corresponded almost identically with his own conception. But his active mind, as may readily be imagined, was not idle during his sojourn, which was brief, and he returned to Savannah nursing a new idea—that one cylinder, studded at right angles with parallel rows of wire teeth, to tear the lint from the seed, and another cylinder, provided with brushes to sweep it off, and revolving, not above, but on a horizontal plane with and in juxtaposition to the first, would greatly improve his original plan. He also saw where many advantageous changes could be made in the bearings and mountings.

To work he went with all his energy, this time thoroughly sanguine of success. All day long the hammer clinked and the anvil rang in the little log cabin under the trees. Slowly and fatiguingly the shafting, wheels, and bearings were fashioned. Carefully on his cumbersome lathe he turned his wooden cylinders.

Then came the wire clipping, the punching and the setting, the sorting and trimming of the bristles, more punching and setting; and still the work went on till all was complete, and the machine an accomplished fact,

ready in all its parts, waiting only for the mounting and the gathering of the crop to demonstrate its hidden power, chorus a joyous greeting to planter and manufacturer, and, inaugurating the great industrial revolution of the century, on republican soil crown cotton as king!

But Whitney seemed ever doomed to disappointment. Although Mrs. Greene and Phineas Miller, the neighboring planter before alluded to, were the only ones to whom had been accorded the privilege of seeing the machine



during the course of its construction, a matter of this importance can never long be kept secret. Where there are servants there is publicity. Rumors of Whitney's invention had been extensively circulated, probably with grotesque exaggerations, and one dark night a body of masked men broke open the little log work-shop and carried off the completed, but as yet unmounted gin.

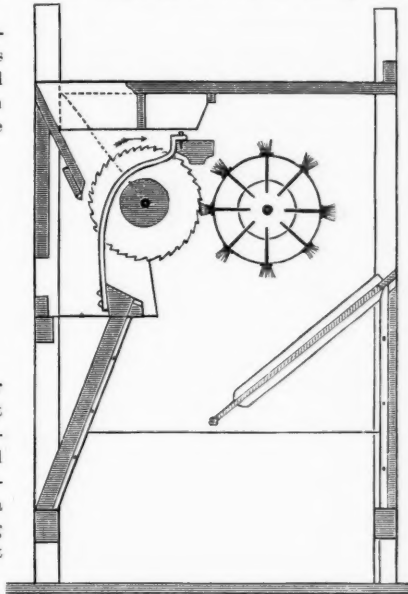
There can be no defense offered for such a dastardly act, and Georgians of to-day may well blush for shame at the cowardly piracy of which their forefathers were guilty. Let us trust the race of these midnight bandits died with them; if not, their descendants are certainly cast in a different mould, for no such proceeding would be tolerated to-day in Georgia for a moment.

Before Whitney could re-make his machine surreptitious imitations cropped out in different portions of the State. But he was not to be baffled, for with characteristic energy he set to work again, and about May, 1793, formed with Mr. Miller, who was a man of some means, a partnership for the manufacture of gins, and for the purpose of cleaning cotton "by the pound." They also bought cotton in the seed to gin themselves, thus unwittingly instituting the first of the numerous "deadfalls" so well known to the Southern planter of the present day, and one of his deadliest banes.

The wire teeth used at first not proving sufficiently strong, as they bent out of place and broke incessantly, Whitney replaced them

with a series of circular saws or disks, with beak-like teeth, which proved stronger and equally effective, and are in use at the present day. Feeders, condensers, and other improvements are of later origin and by other parties.

After obtaining his patent, Whitney's first



step was to introduce his gin and secure adequate royalties and state-rights. He found its introduction an easy matter. It recommended itself, and all were willing to adopt it. But obtaining compensation for its use was much more difficult, for it was not until the year 1801 that the legislature of South Carolina purchased a patent license for the sum of \$50,000, and not until 1802 did North Carolina impose, for his benefit, a royalty of 2s. 6d. (about 62½ cents) on each saw used in the State. This, to do her justice, she faithfully collected and paid over to Whitney. The legislature of Tennessee also agreed to purchase a patent license for \$50,000, but afterward repented of and rescinded the act authorizing it; and Georgia, from the very first, fought desperately every attempt of Whitney to enforce his patent, denying even his claim to priority of invention.

Still he struggled bravely on. His manufactory was destroyed by fire in 1795, and his old friend, Mr. Miller, died soon after. In the same year he had the utmost difficulty in secur-

ing an extension of his patent, on account of the opposition of the Southern members. So we see that even in the land of chivalry justice has been sometimes obscured by self-interest.

Afterward followed expensive and vexatious law-suits against the infringers of his patent in Georgia, which dragged their tortuous course through years, gradually absorbing the entire amount received from the two Carolinas, and eventually being decided against him in almost every instance—although in a most forcible and eloquent charge to the jury by Judge Johnson, at Savannah, during the trial of one of these cases, that able jurist says: "We can not express the weight of obligation which the country owes to this invention. . . . It will not be too much to say that it has added \$100,000,000 to the value of our property."

Horace Greeley severely reaps the State of Georgia for what he terms the perfidious and contemptible treatment of the State's greatest benefactor. But we must remember that nearly every one in Georgia regarded Whitney merely as the improver and introducer of the cotton-gin, and not its original inventor, and all were indignant that an alien should attempt, as they thought, to defraud one of their citizens of both honor and emolument.

Watkins was continually urged to bring counter-suits against Whitney, but as he was a planter of large means, who pursued the study and application of mechanics more for amusement than profit, he invariably refused, and allowed things to take their own course.

When the last Georgia law-suit had been adversely decided, Whitney, concluding there was nothing to be realized in the South from his great invention, and smarting under a sense of flagrant injustice, turned his back forever on our shores, settled in Connecticut, where he married, in 1807, a daughter of Judge Pierrepont Edwards, and devoted himself in future to the manufacture of fire-arms and filling government contracts, in which he was peculiarly successful.

He died at New Haven, January 8, 1825, leaving behind a good name and a large fortune. And strangely enough this was acquired by the manufacture of instruments of warfare, destruction, and death, and not by an invention conceived in the interests of, and so well calculated to promote, peace, industry, and prosperity.

But as the inventor and perfecter of the cotton-gin, and not as the army contractor, will Whitney be remembered by posterity.

And the effects of his invention, beginning simultaneously with its introduction, have extended without intermission to the present day, and will continue to exert their force indefinitely through future generations.

As the immediate result, cotton bounded into the first place among textile materials, displacing wool, silk, and flax, creating an enormous demand for labor and greatly cheapening the cost of wearing apparel. Good clothing, no longer an article of luxury, was brought within reach of the poorest, remunerative occupation afforded the hungry mechanic, and trade and commerce, the world over, given fresh impetus.

From 1780 to 1800 the imports of cotton into Great Britain had risen from 6,700,000 pounds to 56,000,000 pounds. In 1700, only 1,200,000 pounds were imported; thus, the increase for the first eighty years of the century was only one hundred and fifty per cent, and for the next twenty, over one thousand per cent.

In 1792, before the construction of the gin, the whole American cotton crop (sea island) amounted to only 138,328 pounds. In 1793, under the immediate stimulus of the gin, it had reached 487,600, principally uplands. In 1794, it amounted to 1,601,000; in 1795 to 6,000,000, and in 1800, to 18,000,000: rising in eight years from a valuation of \$30,000 to \$3,000,000.

English spinners saw light at last dawning upon them with the promise of a glorious day. Arkwright and Watt had already given them the machinery, and now Whitney, from across the sea, had furnished the material. Up went the big mills, one after the other, studding Lancashire and York and Nottingham with their chimney-stacks, and awaking the echoes of the Derby hills with the music of their spindles. Now, at last, their future seemed assured. Now, at last, since cotton could be successfully cleaned, cotton could also be successfully raised in such vast quantities as to insure its being laid down at their doors as rapidly as they could consume it. And all England rejoiced accordingly, and all England had good cause to rejoice.

In the South buoyancy and elasticity at once displaced despondency and gloom. The tide of western emigration was for the moment checked. No more moping now upon the plantations—no more lounging in the trade centers. Broomsedge and sassafras disappeared from the fields, and the new grounds smoked in the early spring, and the cheery song of the laborer amidst the fallen forest

trees rose on the frosty air, as acre after acre of virgin soil was reclaimed to whiten in season with its tribute of snowy fleece.

Othello's occupation was "found." Henceforth in America cotton—and the darkey—reigned supreme.

By 1810 the crop had reached 93,000,000 pounds, worth \$15,000,000; a five-fold increase since 1800, while the population had increased only thirty per cent. At this period tobacco had ceased to be the staple crop of the South, all available slave labor having been transferred to cotton; for, as the exports of rice, the only other important crop raised in the South, had risen from 94,000 tierces in 1800 to 119,000 in 1810, the increase of cotton during that period must have been due to the transfer of labor from tobacco, and also to its importation. No wonder that the Guinea trade was brisk and remunerative during this decade—that New Bedford and Nantucket whaled no more, but poured their dusky freights upon the beach at Hilton Head, while Wilberforce, in frantic fury, impotently gnashed his teeth across the waters.

During the next decade the increase in the cultivation of cotton was checked, as was all business, by the war with Great Britain—the crop in 1820 amounting to only 128,000,000 pounds. But the high prices following the war greatly stimulated its production. Tobacco, as before stated, was no longer cultivated as an article of export. Rice was still planted on the low, swampy lands along the coast, because they were unsuited to the production of cotton, and because rice was and still remains in itself a very profitable crop. But cotton absorbed the attention of every one to the exclusion of all things else.

By this time New England mills were coming into prominence. For a long time after the invention of the improved patent processes for spinning and weaving in England it was impossible to introduce them in this country, as the plans of the machinery could not be passed through the British custom-houses; but this difficulty was at last surmounted, and American goods began to make their appearance. The consumption of cotton by New England mills had increased from 500 bales in 1800, to 90,000 in 1815, and their output amounted in value to \$24,000,000; notwithstanding which, the importation of British goods reached annually the sum of \$180,000,000, greatly checking the progress of American manufacture. But the tariff acts of 1824, 1828,

and 1832, imposing an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five per cent on imported goods, greatly encouraged and stimulated the manufacturer, and proved, indeed, a gold mine to the Southern planter.

With the mills of New England as well as those of Great Britain to feed, the South-Atlantic States fairly "boomed" again. Immigrants flocked in from Virginia to engage in the cultivation of cotton, leaving their worn-out tobacco-farms behind them as a heritage to their successors. New lands were purchased—and stolen—from the Indians. Negroes were brought by thousands from Maryland and Kentucky, while Pennsylvania and New Jersey sold out their few remaining slaves at a fine profit, and at once, by a most natural transition, turned abolitionist. Every hand that could be spared from other employments, white or black, bond or free, male or female, was appropriated to this one culture. And so, by the year 1830, the cotton crop, thus stimulated, had reached 457,000,000 pounds, or 1,038,848 bales.

From 1830 to 1840 the pursuit of cotton-planting amounted almost to madness. The settler, coming in from New Jersey or the shores of Narragansett, invested at once in cotton lands. Merchants and professional men labored the harder with the prospect and inducement before them of laying by a sufficiency to purchase a plantation, upon which to retire, and indulge forever after in laziness and competency. Even the dream and aspiration of the average city parson was a wealthy country widow, with a thousand or so acres of good upland, securing whom and which he could bid farewell to pews and platitudes, and spend the remainder of his days in watching the tender crown of the sprouting plant push through the moist brown bed, and leaf and form and square and bloom and boll expand in season, till the soft folds of snowy fiber enveloped in the fall the sere and withered stalk as with a garment. No exaggerated picture this—so great was the fascination by which king cotton held in thrall his subjects.

And not only was the producer enriched, but cotton seemed to turn to gold in the hands of all who touched it. The Northern mills that manufactured and the Northern bottoms that transported it both came in for their share of the profits, greater proportionately, doubtless, after the employment at the ports of the hydraulic compress, than that realized by the planter.

Meanwhile the demand increased. The looms of Rhode Island and Massachusetts seemed insatiate, and the mills of Manchester and all Lancashire called aloud across the deep for more. The South responded from Pamlico to Point Coupee, and while in 1830 further increase seemed impossible, in 1840 the sum total rolled up to 2,177,835 bales.

For the next ten years the increase was less marked. Supply had overtaken demand; prices had fallen, and the South, depending no longer solely upon agriculture, fell into the march of progress, and turned its attention to works of internal improvement. Canals and railways were projected and built, factories, foundries, and machine-shops erected, and the centers of trade and commerce, throwing off their yoke of dependence upon the North, essayed for the first time to become centers of manufacture as well.

Moreover, greater attention was paid to raising home supplies, corn, oats, wheat, and bacon. Sugar, especially, began to chain the attention of the planters along the coast; and while more material, solid progress was made by the South during this decade than in any previous, the cotton crop in 1850 had only risen to 2,355,257 bales against 2,177,835 in 1840.

But Whitney's invention had served to fully develop the South long before it was used at all in other sections of the globe—a fact that we of this age of progress can scarcely credit, when ninety days will almost suffice to carry any new improvement into the four corners of the earth and put it in successful operation.

For Egyptian cotton imported into England in 1832 amounted to only 40,217 bales; and Ritchie states, in his report on Indian affairs in 1830, that the American saw-gin, in a trial made by the East India Company by direction of the home government, proved a total failure. "The machinery ground up the seed with the cotton," says he; and thus through stupidity and bungling the advance of India was checked while the South bounded forward in the race for wealth and supremacy.

Even in its remotest effects we can trace the potency of the cotton-gin upon the progress and advancement of the American Republic. The decrease in the demand for flax, immediately consequent upon its invention, robbed Ireland and Germany, to a considerable extent, of the profits of a most important branch of agriculture and paved the way for the immense exodus of their population, a half century later, when the potato-rot in the former country and

the disturbed political condition of the latter drove cargo after cargo of Teuton and Celtic emigrants to trans-atlantic shores, to form the basis of a sturdy citizenry, and to develop, with a growth almost miraculous, the great Northwest.

Nor were the cotton States behind in growth, though they drew their pro rata from their sister States of the North and not from foreign shores. This is manifested by an examination of the census.

The natural increase of the people of the whole country up to 1860 is less than thirty per cent for every decade, after deducting the immigration from Europe and the inhabitants of our purchased territories. Before 1820 it exceeded a little this ratio, but from 1830 to 1840 it was less, and from 1840 to 1850 not over twenty-five per cent; but the population of the eight cotton States, from Carolina to Texas, increased in the first decade of this century fifty per cent; in the second decade, fifty-five per cent; in the third, fifty per cent; in the fourth, fifty-one, and in the fifth, forty-one. Thus, in all this period of fifty years, the real increase was very nearly double that of the natural; or, more exactly, in every ten years twenty per cent of the existing population was added from the more northern States—the loss of population in the latter being more than compensated for by the tide of foreign immigration forced into their midst by the indirect action of the very power that all along had been gradually drawing away from them their own citizens.

Virginia alone excepted. Before the days of the gin, she was the wealthiest, most populous, and most important of the thirteen original States—Georgia the smallest and most inconsiderable. But Virginia's scepter has gradually passed from her, and Georgia, now only the fourteenth State in the Union, yet outranks the "Old Dominion," and is known far and wide by her well-earned soubriquet, the "Empire State of the South."

And all this solely from the fact that Virginia, while yielding up her heart's blood—her vigorous population—to vivify and strengthen the younger commonwealths, failed to replace it, the tide of foreign immigration, rolling over North and West, refusing to cross the Potomac. For the negro was there, but not the cotton. Simple, is it not? and yet the true solution of Virginia's loss of position.

The rest of the mission of the cotton-gin all the world knows well. How, despite the mut-

terings of contending factions and the bitter animosities engendered during the "fifties"—despite four years of deadly civil feud, and a long, long decade of prostration and collapse, the South once more has struggled to her feet, and is to-day prepared to complete a tale of SEVEN MILLION BALES!

Ninety-three years since it was *five thousand*.

We have thus seen how this gin of Whitney has, in turn, developed every section of our common country, not only the broad acres of the sunny South, but the looms and spindles of New England, the merchant marine of the great cities of the North, and the boundless prairies of the West; meanwhile, practical disciple of Malthus that it is, removing a surplus European population, shifting it to a point where it would do most good, and in its place leaving bread and occupation for the rest.

Truly it may well be termed an inspiration!

And yet, as a matter of speculative interest, as far as regards the South alone, let us suppose the gin had been never planned.

When we look around upon our old red hills, galled and furrowed and washed, made barren by the incessant culture of one single crop for half a century, in the shiftless, systemless, improvident manner forever characteristic of the cotton planter; when we weigh and ponder the still unsolved problem of emancipated labor, and all that has been and will be and might have been, which of us is not tempted to doubt, from the bottom of his soul, if the cotton-gin, instead of a blessing, has not, upon this section at least, visited a most wrathful and inveterate curse?

Has not the mission of the whole South, and not Virginia only, been most pre-eminently

vicarious, and while enriching the world, has she not ruined herself?

What might have been, had Watkins or Whitney never existed, we can but surmise, and that most wildly. It is true that for a time the wheels of progress might have clogged, and the South have made but sluggish advance. But every forward step, however slight, would have been permanent. She would have developed similarly and at equal pace with the rest of the country. No absolute necessity existing for negro labor, his importation would have ceased long ere it did, and gradual emancipation resulted as a thing of course—a simple problem—the easier, because the interests involved would have been slight. How incalculable the heart-burnings and bitterness and bloodshed, with all the piteousness of a nation divided against itself, that would thus have been averted, at once and forever! And instead of barren fields and gullied farms, and that agricultural sarcasm, cotton, the Carolinian or the Mississippian of to-day, as well as the dweller by the Mohawk or the Miami, might feast his eyes on clover-crowned hills and sweeps of golden grain.

But it is idle to speculate farther. The fiat of fate has gone forth; we must accept her dictum, believing with the Grecian sage, "Whatever is, is right." Meanwhile, throughout our own broad land, twelve million busy spindles, three hundred thousand looms, and seventeen million acres of bursting cotton bolls attest the mighty power and claim the magic service of the once mysterious piece of mechanism conceived and constructed ninety-three years ago in the little log-cabin by the Savannah.

Hugh N. Starnes.



THE INTERPRETERS.

I.

Days dawn on us that make amends for many
Sometimes,
When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any
Man's rhymes.

Light had not all been quenched in France, or quelled
In Greece,
Had Homer sung not, or had Hugo held
His peace.

Had Sappho's self not left her word thus long
For token,
The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of song
Had spoken.

II.

And yet these days of subtler air and finer
Delight,
When lovelier looks the darkness, and diviner
The light.

The gift they give of all these golden hours,
Whose urn
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers
In turn.

Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live day's track
Seem living—
What were they did no spirit give them back
Thanksgiving?

III.

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows, telling
Time nought;
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and dwelling
In thought.

In human thought their being endures, their power
Abides:
Else were their life a thing that each light hour
Derides.

The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die, with all
They cherish;
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it fall
And perish.

IV.

In human thought have all things habitation;
Our days
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.

But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.

Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls
Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and the soul's,
Their glory.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.*

AFTER the battle of Chickamauga the Army of Tennessee occupied Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga. My regiment (Twenty-fourth Mississippi) still continued with Walthall's brigade. I here again took command of my regiment, being the senior colonel of the brigade, and occupying its extreme right.

About the 20th of November we were placed on picket duty on the north side of Lookout Mountain, below the great rock, between its base and Lookout Mountain Creek, which runs from a westerly in an easterly direction. Its right rested a few hundred yards west of Craven's yard, and the line of brigade extended so as to repel an attack of the enemy in crossing the creek. Our videttes and pickets were thrown out on a line with this little stream. A large body of the enemy were encamped on the north side of this creek, and the pickets of both armies occupied its opposite sides. The enemy had threatened an attack on the western side of the mountain, and a large body of our forces were stationed on the top of the mountain to meet this threatened attack. On account of the want of roads and the rough, rocky declivities of the mountains, our troops on the top of the mountain were separated several hours' march from the post occupied by General Walthall's brigade.

Late at night on the 23d of November I heard distinctly the tramp of a large body of the enemy on the march. By placing the ear to the ground I heard the sound which no soldier of experience can mistake.

Just at dawn I saw several batteries being moved out near the creek, as if threatening to attempt a crossing in our front. Lookout Mountain Creek, swollen by recent rains, was impassable. After daylight, I saw the rear portion of the enemy's column moving up the creek in a westwardly direction. I sent a message to General Walthall, who was near us at the "Cravens House," with the information.

The enemy moved up the creek and crossed at its source, and moved down between the creek and the base of the high rock upon our left flank. Our whole brigade only numbered about thirteen hundred men, while the whole of Hooker's corps was rapidly advancing upon us. General Walthall was upon the ground

early, and changed our front, the right resting on the line of entrenchments which ran parallel with the creek, and our left on the base of the promontory of Lookout Mountain. We had a very strong position behind the fallen timber and rocks, but the enemy, in advancing, were quite as well protected, except a comparatively open space of about eighty yards in our immediate front. General Walthall appreciated to the fullest extent the situation, feeling that if his brigade gave way, the Federal forces could push round past the Cravens House and cut the large body of Confederates from the rest of the army on Missionary Ridge. I felt and knew that, if necessary, the brigade must be sacrificed to save the army. I knew, too, that it would take many hours to bring the Confederate forces from the top of Lookout Mountain to our support. If it had not been for the quick perception and gallantry of General Walthall, the large body of Confederates on the top of Lookout Mountain would have been cut off from the main forces, and the battle of Missionary Ridge would never have been fought.

While General Walthall and I were yet conversing, and as he was about to leave, our videttes were driven in and the fire became hot. General Walthall left the brigade in my command, and left to hurry the troops down from the mountain. I realized that every thing depended upon the holding of this position until the descending troops could reach and support us.

I ordered my men behind rocks, trees, and every cover that nature afforded, and instructed them not to fire until the enemy moved out in the open space in my immediate front. In the meantime the Federal troops advanced cautiously and carefully, yet following our videttes and pickets so closely, and driving them in so rapidly that I was obliged to give the order to fire, thereby killing, I have no doubt, some of my own men. As soon as the enemy reached the open space, a deadly and destructive fire was opened upon him, which soon drove him back under shelter of the rock and trees. Again and again he made the charge upon the immediate front of my regiment, and was every time repulsed. The battle began in good earnest about an hour or two after sunrise and

*This spirited and graphic description of the part taken in these combats by the Twenty-fourth Mississippi and Walthall's brigade, is taken from the diary of Colonel W. F. Dowd, deceased, one of the most gallant officers in the Confederate service.

continued without a moment's intermission, at close quarters, until between 12 and 1 o'clock. Failing in his repeated attacks in front, he moved a considerable force, under cover of the rocks and trees, close along the base of the rock, and before I discovered this movement opened fire on my flank and rear, which killed and wounded several men. A powerful battery, called Moccasin, and several others on the north side of the creek were pouring shot and shell on our right flank and rear. The slaughter was terrible on both sides. I saw the color-bearer shot down in a few feet of me, but the colors were immediately taken up and held by one of the color-guard. The battle-flag, rent and torn, was carried to Missionary Ridge next day.

General Walball had ordered me early in the morning "to hold my post till hell froze over," and thinking at this juncture that the ice was about five feet over it, and that the troops from the mountain had had time to descend, I went up the line and ordered my regiment to retire slowly in a skirmish line, taking every advantage of the rocks, trees, and other shelter, and to re-form in the rear of the Cravens House at the point where the roads from the house and mountain top intersected. I do not know the force that the Federals brought against us, but I do know that our little brigade held them in check until between 12 and 1 o'clock. I saw that the enemy suffered terribly from our fire. They charged with unflinching firmness during the morning. To have retreated in regular order would have involved the destruction of my men, and be it said to their honor that they assembled to a man at the designated point.

In the mean time General Jackson's division and, perhaps, other brigades were formed in line of battle south of the Cravens House, extending from the base of the high rock to the foot of the mountain. Our brigade was formed behind this line as a reserve. The enemy advanced with inconceivable slowness and caution, but in the afternoon he began a severe attack on our line at very short range. Both lines were sheltered by the overhanging rocks. The battle raged without intermission until a late hour in the night, probably about 2 o'clock A. M. About 12 o'clock, and while the battle was hottest, an unknown staff officer came up to me and pointed out a part of the line which, he said, was about to give way, and ordered me to move my regiment in support.

I called on my gallant officers and men, worn out by several days' picket duty and the

terrible struggle of the morning, and they followed me promptly to the threatened point in our line, where we remained until the battle was over.

There were two long lines of fire as far as the eye could reach up and down the mountain, but as far as my observation extended but little damage was done upon either side. About 2 o'clock the firing ceased, the Federals retiring to the Cravens House, or near there, and the Confederates moving off to join the main body on Missionary Ridge.

In the morning I had three hundred and fifty-six men and officers present for duty, of whom one hundred and ninety-nine were killed and wounded. A few, not many, were taken prisoners.

On the morning of the 25th of November, 1863, our brigade rejoined General Cheatham's division which, with General Chalmers', formed General Hardee's corps and formed the right of the army on the crest of Missionary. The breastworks were formed of logs, stone, earth, etc., and were scarcely sufficient to protect the men, when lying down, from the enemy's rifles.

Early in the day we saw the enemy moving to our right in great force and magnificent style, and forming, as well as I could judge, in columns by brigades. He put forward batteries of artillery and swarms of sharpshooters with long-range rifles, and kept up a steady, heavy fire along the whole front of Hardee's corps.

It is four or five miles from the foot of Missionary Ridge to the town of Chattanooga. The plain between was nearly level, and most of the timber had been cut down. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is unquestionably true, that the main attack of the Federal forces was made on Hardee's corps; because, if this had been successful, the Federals could have seized the fords on Chickamauga River and the railroads, and could have cut off and captured the whole Confederate army.

Each brigade in Hardee's corps had a battery of twelve-pound Napoleon guns. General Hardee, selecting the high and commanding point on the ridge, ordered all of the batteries to be concentrated there. Our horses were so weak for the want of forage that they could not pull the batteries up the declivities of the ridge. I ordered my command out, and we pulled them by main force up to the top of the ridge to the point designated by General Hardee, and thus the batteries of Cleburne's and Cheatham's divisions, forming Hardee's corps, were massed on a commanding point of the ridge.

Soon the enemy's magnificent line charged at a double-quick upon Cleburne's division and the right of Cheatham's. Our artillery opened upon the dense masses a well-directed and destructive fire. I could see great gaps and lanes cut through their ranks; but on they moved, and be it said, to the honor of the Federals, that they never faltered one instant under this murderous and fearful fire. They closed their ranks and climbed the steep ridge under a terrific fire of our infantry, and many reached the breastworks, coming so close that the Confederates clubbed their guns and fought them hand to hand, but they were finally repulsed and driven back in confusion. A number, I think seven, of their stands of colors were captured, and the loss of the Federals must have been very great. There was a color-bearer of the Federal column who advanced his flag close to our breastworks, and after the repulse of the Federals bore his colors across the plain with thousands of shots aimed at him. I do not know his name. I wish I did, as his bravery and intrepidity won my highest admiration. I thought then that the battle was won. In the meanwhile the sun came out clear and cloudless. I saw the main body of the Federal army moving out from Chattanooga in columns by divisions. I am not sure, but there must have been about sixty thousand men. None of the officers were mounted. They moved in perfect order at double-quick time on our left or left center, and few men now living have ever witnessed such a panorama. Our batteries were not massed as in the morning, but each fired from its station in the brigade or division to which it was attached, and, as far as I could judge, made little or no impression on the advancing enemy.

Our brigade was moved at double-quick from our right to the left, and stationed in a deep indenture in Missionary Ridge, where a public road crossed it. We were here subjected to a heavy fire from sharp-shooters with long-range rifles. Almost every man's head that was raised above the breastwork was hit. General Walthall rode up to where I was standing, and before I could complete a sentence warning him of his danger, he received a severe wound in the heel, playfully remarking to me, "Colonel, they have hit me," and showing me his torn boot. It must have been very painful, but he never left the saddle until after he had passed the Chickamauga River late that night, when he was sent to the hospital and confined for several weeks.

Strangely and curiously enough, our first line of battle was formed behind a little, insignificant breastwork at the foot of the mountain. The magnificent columns of Federals swept over it like frost work. Under a gallant and destructive fire the Federal army climbed up the steep sides of the mountain. I thought they could never reach the summit, but a short time before night set in I had the bitter mortification of seeing our line, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to the left of our brigade, give way and run in confusion. I heard the triumphant shout of the Federals as they placed their colors on the ridge. It was after dark when the enemy obtained full possession of that portion of the ridge. General Walthall ordered our brigade to form line of battle at right angles with our breastworks—the right of my regiment resting near the works. General Walthall's brigade was now the extreme left of Cheatham's division and of Hardee's corps. The enemy soon formed in front of us, and a hot fire was opened on both sides at very short range. It was too dark to discern forms at any distance, and we fired mainly at the blaze of their guns. Many of the brave men who stood by me at Lookout Mountain were shot down. This contest continued until about 10 o'clock, as near as I can recollect. It was one of the hottest and most stubbornly contested engagements of the whole war.

When we remember that this little brigade had been under fire for nineteen hours on Lookout Mountain on the day previous, under fire for several hours during the morning, exhausted prior to that time by several days' picket duty on the north side of the mountain in cold, bitter weather, its iron resolution and heroic firmness in that awful hour of shame, humiliation and retreat, must forever challenge the admiration of men. This battle raged without a moment's intermission until, as near as I can recollect, about 11 o'clock P. M., when the enemy ceased firing and retired some distance, but covering our front with a strong line of pickets. After every thing became still General Walthall gave a whispered order along the line to move by the left flank. This was done in silence and perfect order. My regiment being the right of the brigade was the last one to leave the battle-ground, so far as I know and believe, the whole Confederate army having crossed the Chickamauga River when I reached it, and as the bridges were burning we waded the stream.

CHASTELAR.

'Tis bitter to love her thus, he said;
'Tis bitter that she loves me;
'Twere better to go where death hath led,
Where war is cruel, and blood is shed—
Far better than thus to be.

She hath a lord of her own—is wed—
Forsooth a man of low degree,
But many a league of land outspread,
He holds by a fief inherited,
And a vassal tenantry.

Why do I linger about her gates?
I seldom see her, alas!
And who but a laggard mopes and waits,
By the window the wan moon tessellates,
To see her shadow pass?

I have a fief; it is in my hand,
A blade that did never rust,
And east and west, in every land
I held my own with this trusted brand,
But now it must sheathe in dust.

I'm weak as a girl—I who have played
At bazard in many a strife—
One look of her soft brown eyes has swayed
My heart as a reed, and my purpose stayed,
And broken the web of my life.

The gold of her hair has tangled me,
Yet I have never loved gold;
The white of her throat and the ivory
Of her bosom chained me in ecstasy,
When her lips the secret told.

Those lips! and they were scarlet for me,
And the rose-flushed cheek and brow;
I've been as a lover must only be,
And the love I treasured secretly,
Alas! I can not avow.

I envy the lily upon her breast,
The rose in her shining hair;
I chide the sun who lags in the west,
I wait in the garden she loves the best;
She promised to meet me there.

She cometh not, yet the stars are here;
I hear the rose-leaves fall,
But not the footstep I love to hear,
Nor the quick, sweet breath when love is near,
Nor the sigh that is more than all.

I held her close in my arms last night—
Oh! the pain of forbidden bliss!
She checked me with grief that was half delight;
The loves that were wrong, the hearts that were
right
Clung close in that pleading kiss.

Little may vulgar strength avail
'Gainst arm that's nerved with steel;
He lies at the feet of a carven knight—
And I—I kissed her lips "Good-night."
Good-night! all peace, all rest go hence;
Good-night to all but penitence.

Ah, me! her lord, she liketh him well,
As one whom habit hath made
Part of the plan and scheme of a life,
Only a child, yet wedded—a wife—
Dead to the drama she played.

We met—ah, then—what a mad surprise!
We loved, we questioned, the same
Passion we saw in each other's eyes;
Love whispered love, and soft replies
To either in secret came.

Why does she tarry? I wait, I wait,
As the hungry wait for bread;
Knowing another leagues with fate
And bitter herbs, on an empty plate,
Must come to me instead.

Her lord is brawny and strong of arm,
But comely and kind, men say;
The brute that is in him may take alarm
When he knows her heart, with its depth of calm,
Has passed forever away.

Why tarries she yet? 'Tis late, 'tis late,
And the night-bird bodeth ill;
Since I have heard by the oaken stair
Loud, angry words—a cry of despair;
Ah, God! now all is still.

Why beats my heart with so loud a stroke?
Why stiffen my nerves like steel?
Ah, she her promises never broke—
Lo! yonder her page—'tis he—her cloak—
Oh, God, the dread I feel!

"Fly! fly! Sir Knight," he stammered with fear;
"Oh, see it—this bloody stain!
My lord came home mad, mad with rage—
I defended her—I am only a page—
And my lady he hath slain!"

I knew no bars, I knew no bolts,
I knew no door of oak;
I traversed the stairs and the sounding floors;
The chambers were closed—the great carved
doors
Fell to a thunder-stroke.

Oh, rose! oh, lily! Oh, poor white dove;
And the blood stain on her breast,
And the parting lips still quivering—
Great God! I heard rude laughter ring—
By the cross, I stand confessed!

By the cross, I saw his brutal bulk
Stand midway in the door—
'Twas hard to slay so strong a man,
But I had slain the Saracen,
And her blood cried from the floor.

OUR LAST HUNTING GROUNDS.

III. SOUTHERN TEXAS.

THE progress of civilization has sadly reduced the Robin Hood romance of the good old times when every wood was a hunting-ground; but the Ruskinites who go into mourning at the completion of every railroad might dry their tears in Texas. Culture can progress under full steam for a good many years before it will spoil such Arcadias as the chaparral country between the sources of the Colorado and the mouth of the Rio Grande—the park-like uplands, where the children of a million settlers would find as much play room as a car load of kids in the bluegrass counties. Soldiers who have revisited the battle-grounds of the wilderness may remember how strangely foot-trails lose themselves in the jungle-like pine thickets screening the road at every turn and hiding the hunter's dog from the hunter; and in the same way the lines of the "International Railroad" cross the wilderness of Southern Texas. Half a mile from the track one may find sleepy hollows that seem never to have been waked by the scream of the iron horse; hill-pastures, where the antelope browses as quietly as on the highlands of the Sierra Madre, even while the rocks echo the thunder of a train rushing by on its way to the distant station. And in the hills of the uplands there are rocks that have never heard that echo. Between San Saba and Fort Davis, an area exceeding that of all Tennessee, has never grieved the souls of its teamsters by a railroad survey. The northern part of this reservation contains one of the few remaining buffalo pastures on this side of the Rocky Mountains. A few miles northeast of Fort Concho the old military road to New Mexico crosses the mesquite plain, and teamsters who travel that road in winter time are pretty sure to sight buffalos. Not in herds; the bison legions of the North American prairies have vanished forever; but troops of ten or twelve are still occasionally seen in the upland valleys, especially after a hard frost. In spring, these survivors of better times take refuge in the dreary borderland of the staked plains, where they separate pairwise for greater security, and retreat further hillward at the least sign of danger.

Still, even adversity has not taught the *Bison Americanus* to fly at the approach of a dog. The old prairie king has not utterly abdicated his prestige, and in the presence of a

four-footed enemy even disdains to stand at bay, and continues to graze in proud composure, only now and then lifting his head with a warning grunt; at the sight of a man he retreats leisurely, but at once, as if to save himself the disgrace of a headlong flight. He does his best to be in nobody's way, but like his concomitant, the red Indian, the buffalo has to go; no game-law will ever protect an animal of his size from the rifle of the reckless borderman.

The *Antilocapra Americana* has a better chance. In the hills of a clear-weather country that enables her to reconnoitre the neighborhood of her haunts, the pronghorn antelope has no enemy to fear. Her conscious ability to distance all pursuit gives her plenty of leisure to choose her line of retreat, and for five or ten minutes after the whistle of the picket-posts has alarmed the troop, its leaders may be seen scanning the horizon from the brink of a cliff and planning their route with a view to something more than immediate safety. The pronghorn is not apt to act upon a false alarm; but just steps back into the shade of the thicker bushes if the intention of an approaching biped seems anyways doubtful. The supposed hunter may be a wood-cutter or an inoffensive traveler. In the open plain, however, the American chamois must risk to pay the penalties of the adventure. The first Spanish colonists introduced a breed of dogs known as *galgos*, or Aragon hounds, which were originally used for pastoral purposes, but which, in the attenuating climate of the prairies, have developed into the swiftest quadrupeds of the new world. The "Corpus Christi grayhound," as the Texans call that breed from its center of distribution, is more than a match for all varieties of deer, even the swift cotton-tail as well as for the mule-ear rabbit, with its marvelous talent for doubling and dodging; but the pronghorn sometimes manages to distance him on broken ground, where her goat feet give her an advantage in the cliffs and in the gully-rent uplands. In the open prairie the *galgo* can give her a start of two hundred yards and catch her in ten or fifteen minutes, provided there is no cover in reach. A veteran hound fears that chance more than a test of his staying powers, and, instead of charging in a bee-line, will make a wide detour in order to "head off" his

game from the next thicket, and then start the chase in the opposite direction. San Antonio sportsmen often take their hounds as far as old Fort Mason on the Rio Llano, and scout the country for weeks, but there are still antelopes enough in the neighboring highlands with bush-parks which no herb-eater would like to abandon. The woods form *boscadas*, clumps of mesquite trees with a fringe of wild plums, *palo verde* shrubs, and opuntias, which here attain a height of twenty-five feet, and in fall almost cover the ground with their purple-red "figs," as the Mexicans call them. The grass of the open glades swarms with rabbits and quail, and the larger thickets harbor a true pheasant; the chaparral-cock, or *paisano* (*Phasianus alector*), a semi-migratory bird with the short wings and long spike-tail of his species. Some four thousand years ago the adventurer of the Argo hunted pheasants in the hill forests of Colchis, the eastern birthland of the species, and if the Caspian pheasants have the habits of their Texas relative, it is no wonder that they have survived the vicissitudes of the last forty centuries. Frederick the Great's advice, "*Toujours en vedette*," is the motto of the chaparral-cock. To take him by surprise seems wholly impossible, for he is up with the dawn and passes the night in the thickest tangle-woods, and to approach him within rifle-range is a greater feat than the capture of a dozen foxes. In March his courtship calls resound in every thicket; but an old farmer of Lampasas County, who had passed a long life in the hills of Western Texas, assured me that he had never yet heard of any body having found a pheasant nest, though the half-fledged young ones are sometimes caught by dogs. The prairie-grouse (miscalled pheasant in the Atlantic States) ranges the chaparral in large coveys. Deer, both black-tail and cotton-tail, are still seen in gangs, and higher up even larger game is rather too abundant for the purposes of civilization. West of Macdonald's District in the Bexar territory, where the falls of the upper Concho cry in the wilderness like the voice of the prophet, a Mexican cattle-farm was thrice restocked, and had as often to be abandoned on account of "vermin," mostly panthers and cinnamon bears. The *Ursus occidentalis* has but little of the sleek bonhomme of his eastern cousin. He finds neither honey nor huckleberries to sweeten his humor, but has made up his mind that the country owes him a living, and is apt to enforce his claim with the truculence of his grizzly relative. Free or captive,

he is a rather atrabilious customer, and not disinclined to vent his spleen on very slight provocation. A few years ago a party of excursionists encamped on Table Rock Creek, in Coryell County, and one of their young hunters, in taking a stroll through the upper cliffs, espied an old cinnamon, who, at sight of him, mounted a bowlder and eyed him with a look of stern inquiry. Not wishing to frighten the ladies, the young fellow stood motionless, hoping that his bearship might vouchsafe to continue his way, but just then one of the girls on the creek below burst out laughing, and ursus at once advanced, no longer doubting an intentional insult to his dignity, and had just crossed the rubicon of the last gully, when a well-aimed rifle-ball disorganized his bump of self-esteem and induced him to retreat at a trot. Dogs he attacks with a fury that makes herders rather loath to pursue him if they see any other way of scaring him out of the neighborhood, and a slight wound makes him only the more aggressive, as many a western hunter has learned to his cost. Like the grizzly, the cinnamon is by predilection a flesh-eater rather than a vegetarian, though that can not be the only cause of his aggressive disposition, since his countryman, the puma, a still more exclusively carnivorous animal, is a greater coward than the frugivorous black bear. He prowls about the stock-farms at night, but in day-time gives horned cattle a wide berth, though he may try to sneak on a yearling in the absence of its adult relatives.

At the sight of a dog the Don Puma slinks off like the spirit of bad conscience, and, with the rarest exceptions, no provocation will induce him to try conclusions with the dog's master. When the International Railroad was finished to the valley of the Rio Frio, some hundred miles south of San Antonio, one of the surveyors, in following the gorge of a rocky creek, came across what he supposed to be a panther's track, or rather a beaten trail of such tracks, leading up to the rocks of a lateral ravine, which he hesitated to enter, when he heard something like the querulous mewl of young kittens. His colored attendant refused to advance another step, but in the valley below they met two cattle-boys, to whom they told their adventure, and who at once agreed to accompany them, with the in-for-fun readiness of the native Texan. The only pistol was entrusted to one of the boys, who, on that condition, volunteered to enter the den alone, and soon after emerged with three good-sized kit-

tens in his arms. "They're puma pups," said he, and returned the pistol with an indifference justified by the event. They had not yet crossed the main creek when they heard a wailing screech in the bushes above and every now and then saw the bereaved mother slip along through the briar tangle, or peep out, as if trying to get a farewell look at her "pups." At the next chance of that sort the surveyor banged off his pistol in the direction of her head and saw the ball strike the ground a couple of yards short, but the shot had served its purpose. Mrs. Puma dodged back and never showed her face again, nor ventured to remonstrate by another squeal. The *Felis concolor* has been bearded in his own den; nay, two years ago the California papers published the report of a German farmer who had been out cattle-hunting with his Mexican *peon*, and happening to spy the crouching form of a puma in the fork of a tree, offered the "Greuser" one dollar to get him the skin of the feline. The Mexican had no sooner realized the liberality of the proposition when he flung down his hat, coolly advanced upon the tree and killed the puma with a common butcher's knife!

Cuquar, that is dog-panther, the old Indian name of the *Felis concolor*, is a less absurd synonyme than our "American lion;" American *cheetah* would be more appropriate: Like the East Indian hunting leopard, the puma has a superlative talent for sneaking upon his quarry. His gray coat may help him a little, but compared with his snake-like advance that of a trained dog looks stupidly clumsy. He seems to possess the art of blending with the outline of the ground, bending along the curve of a round rock and almost flattening himself in grass until he is absolutely sure of his prey.

But since the introduction of fire-arms the trainer's craft, like archery, has almost become a lost art, and as in Baroda a first-class cheetah can be bought for twenty rupees (about eleven cents), it would be worth while to import a few of them and let them try their tricks on the lower Guadeloupe River, or in San Refugio County, where deer are still as numerous as in the Daniel Boone times of the Southern Alleghanies. It would be a great improvement on the present method, for the cheetah either catches his game or retreats to his master, but does not pursue a deer and hound it to death, nor try his teeth on a leg of living mutton, after the manner of man's truest, but rather indiscreet friend.

Immigration has neglected or spared the seaside districts at the expense—from a sportsman's stand-point—of the central counties. Thus, while during the last decade Dallas advanced from thirteen to thirty thousand, Johnson from five to seventeen thousand, and Tarrant from six to twenty-four thousand, San Patricio gained only four hundred inhabitants, and Refugio, Calhoun, and Liberty counties did not increase at all, or not to any extent appreciable to the census agent. The western border counties have been spared in the same way. Crosby still divides its game produce among eighty-two inhabitants, Knox among seventy-seven, and Presidio District, with its five thousand square miles, has less than five hundred permanent settlers. And yet these districts are by no means all staked plains. On the upper Pecos River there are as pretty hill countries as any where in Western Missouri—

"Gardens, where year after year
Only the mountain-wind wanders,"

and the equally free children of the wilderness, elks, panthers, and mountain-sheep. Their safety consists in the distance that separates them from the centers of civilization rather than in the barrenness of their native haunts. There are cottonwood groves and pecan groves in the valleys, and "Chickasaw plums," buckthorn, and elder-bushes enough to give the flower season a pleasant welcome, and all but the rockiest uplands are here and there clothed with the pea-green thickets of the mesquite-tree, or that safest refuge of a hunted beast—a cactus thicket. And even the rockhills, with their red sandstone towers and fantastic cliffs are not wholly without a charm of their own, nor without a fair list of attractions for sportsmen. It is, indeed, a curious fact that the best hunting-grounds of the present earth are not the most fertile of the primitive regions, but some of the most arid: Asia Minor, Eastern and Northern Africa, and the sparsely-wooded tablelands of the North American Continent, especially between the fortieth and twenty-fifth parallel, where the barrenness of the level districts is strangely suggestive of the after-effects of a former civilization. The Toltecs, in their wanderings from Behring's Strait to Mexico, probably settled and desolated Southern Texas, as well as New Mexico, Arizona, and a large portion of Southern California. But those days are long past, and Nature has tried to use the respite for repairs. In all sheltered nooks arboreal vegetation has re-established itself, and

springs, its blest concomitants, have reappeared. There are, indeed, rare chances for a hunter's camp in the "Castle Mountains" between the Pecos and the western fork of the Concho River. Here the fauna of the old Texas wilderness is still replenished by numerous survivors: panthers, pumas, wolves, and the larger ruminants, all but buffalo, though that loss has been compensated, for a West Texan's list of game animals includes wild cows. During the war and afterward, in consequence of Indian raids and the increasing attraction of the central counties, many western stock-farms were abandoned, and thousands of half-wild cows have become entirely wild, more so, indeed, than any indigenous quadrupeds of the wilderness. They ranged further and further west, avoiding the haunts of men, and trying to avoid capture as any beast of the desert, and once outlawed could not afford to content themselves with common precautions; their bulk compels them to give riflemen an extremely wide berth. Pairwise and in small troops "mustang-cows" can be seen any where between the Brazos and the Rio Grande, but east of the Pecos they can be seen only at considerable distances. They stick to the hill-tops. Wherever there is the least bit of herbage on the plateau of a lookout-ridge they dislike to trust themselves to the valleys, and even on their heights choose their pastures in a way that secures them the retreat to still higher uplands. Now and then, in September especially, dry weather may force them to slack their thirst in the valleys, but rather than expose themselves in the open plain they reach a spring by following a water-course system in all its tortuous windings, clambering down ravines and following waterless hollows for miles till they at last reach their objective point under cover of darkness, but early enough in the night to effect their retreat before morning. Necessity has taught their organism the thrift of the camel's stomach. One visit to a good watering-place does them for three or four days. Protracted droughts may force them to continue their search after water in day-time, and if any specimen of the dreaded race should surprise them on such occasions they fly with a headlong speed that reminds one of a horse-race rather than of the lumbering gallop of their domestic relatives.

In midwinter, too, game of all sorts is sometimes driven from the sheltered valleys. Considering the latitude of Central Texas, it is amazing how nearly a three days' "norther" can reproduce a Central Canada degree of dis-

comfort. Measured by mercury standards the temperature of "prairie blizzard" may not be strictly Arctic, but somehow the air *feels* cold enough to make outdoor exercise a severe test of endurance even for fur-clad travelers. At such times the denizens of the wilderness forget half their caution. Mustang-cows approach the fenced cattle-ranches; deer venture far down the wooded river-bottoms; coyotes prowl about the night-fires of camping teamsters. There is a story of a cattle-drover who had passed several hours in the vain attempt to sleep near his storm-raked heap of ashes, and at last snatched his blanket and crawled in between a fallen log and a drift of dry leaves in the hollow of a little brook. Here he managed to sleep till an hour or two after midnight, when he awoke and, rather to his surprise, found his lair comfortably warm, but to his still greater surprise heard or felt the deep breathing of an unknown bed-fellow. Reaching out his hand he felt the shaggy coat of a large dog, or some similar creature, and was just going to grasp his knife, but on feeling the icy draught of the north wind he reconsidered his purpose and finally concluded to tolerate his snoring partner. They soon snored a duet; but a few hours after the owner of the blanket was waked by a rustling sound at his side, and looking up saw a gaunt prairie-wolf emerge from the leaf-den and trot away in the morning mist.

It is certain that many of the wild varieties of the genus *canis* become tame on very slight encouragement. In Northern Mexico a species of blackbird (*Crotophaga sulcirostris*) follows bullock herds to their hill-pastures and back again to their watering-troughs in the corral, and applies himself to the useful work of disinfecting the hide of his bovine friends. Blackbirds and black cattle are natural allies, and it is not the wild dog's fault if his relations to the biped prince of the game-killers can not be arranged on terms of similar intimacy. In a country like Texas, where Nimrod has no hesitation in shooting a cow for the sake of her liver, the weaker *carnivora* naturally hail his appearance with a delight which no hostile demonstration on his part can wholly neutralize. When the slaughter-pen of a Weatherford beef-packery was removed to the upper Brazos wolves became so tame before the proprietor had perfected his arrangements for the removal of the offal that nothing but gunpowder would afterward shake their confidence in the hospitality of man.

In the bush-hills north of the ruins of old Fort Belknap the hardy hunter, at the time when the mesquites are fringed with ice rosettes, can often secure a bag that would have satisfied the soul of Dan Boone. But those rosettes are never seen in the valley of the Rio Grande. As we descend the Mesa from terrace to terrace, and further and further southeast, the neighborhood of the tropics and of the sea at last prevails, and the southernmost border of our national territory is almost a winterless land. The "Mustang Vega," a strip of low land extending from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the foot of the Pedralitos Hills, about two hundred miles further up, is an evergreen wilderness, dotted with small lakes—"ojos," as the Mexicans call them—and enjoying an annual rainfall of fourteen or fifteen inches to six on the Mesa, and less than two on the staked plains. Winter, on the Rio Grande, is, in fact, nothing but a brief rainy season. Spring opens early in February. At a time when our Central States are still buried in snow the Vega flames with red cactus-blossoms and saffron lilies, swarms of butterflies hover about blooming elder-bushes and many sweet-scented creepers of the summer zone, for Brownsville, Texas, is more than three hundred miles further south than Cairo, Egypt, and many products of the Rio Grande Valley become more than semi-tropical. Key West reaches down to the same latitude, but Southern Florida is a swamp and divided from the tropics proper by a sea, Texas by a river grand in length rather than in breadth. The flora of the far South, with its concomitant fauna, has invaded the north shore of the stream for two hundred miles inland. Paroquets and the crested partridge of Northern Mexico are found in the chaparral of Hidalgo and in the southwestern corner of Starr County, where the rank vegetation of the lower river-bottoms yields to the spinescent shrubs of the dry-land plateau. The tawny ocelot (*Felis pardalis*) has been frequently shot in the jungle-thickets of the Vega as far north as Laredo, and seems to find the climate as congenial as any where further south, where, indeed, its relatives but rarely attain the size of a specimen tamed, and eventually stuffed, by Señor Salgada, of Cameron County. In strength the tiger-cat, as the Texans call it, is hardly a match for any of the larger quadrupeds, but its snake-like agility supplies that defect, and the black-tail deer quench their thirst with the water of the open lagoons rather than follow a brook into a dell

where overhanging trees suggest the presence of a lurking "gray tiger." Its spring is shot-like sure. Aware, as it seems, that it can not maintain a rough-and-tumble fight with a big quadruped, it improves the first moment of surprise with swift energy and disables a deer, a full-grown goat, or a yearling, almost with the dispatch of the Mexican pigeon-hawk that has a knack of crippling a bird in mid-air at the first dash, and apparently without remaining in contact with it for more than a fraction of a second. The *Felis pardalis* can be tamed, but less easily domesticated; confinement appears to fret its soul away, but it learns to follow its master like a dog, and come for its meals at fixed hours, and holds its siestas in the yard like a household cat, but with the privilege of strictly private business after dark. Captain Salgada's pet, a sleek, gray tom-tiger, could never be confined without making the whole household share his restlessness by keeping up an incessant yowl, besides eventually resenting the breach of contract by a week's absence without leave. During such vacation trips he would now and then join his master, if he met him out in the woods, and accompany him for a mile or two in any direction except toward home. He would even join his old playmates, the dogs, and set up a plaintive mewl if he could not keep up with them, as if he had forgotten the way to the old hacienda. But, as the frequent disappearance of poultry suggested a suspicion that his topographical memory was apt to improve after dark, he was at last trapped and stuffed.

In blood-thirst, however, the tiger-cat is far surpassed by a smaller representative of the carnivorous tribe, the *comadron*, or bush-weasel (*Martes torquatus*), a creature resembling a pine-marten in size and a ferret in its restless intrusiveness. On the sparsely-wooded haciendas of Northern Mexico the *comadron* is dreaded as a nocturnal poultry-thief, but in the thickets of the Texas chaparral he prowls about night and day, hunting rats, ferreting out partridge nests or massacring young rabbits, undeterred by their kicks and screams. Dogs are powerless against the little pests with their phenomenal memory for hiding places, which they multiply by digging around in every direction; but the same providence that makes man a self-destructive animal has afflicted the males of the *comadron* with a penchant for rivalry duels that effectually prevents the over-increase of the species. About the end of the rain season the little demons fight

with a fury that seems to blind them to all collateral risks of their passion; they chase each other from tree to tree, keeping up a running fight, and at last, coming to close quarters, tumble off the branches and roll about on the ground, at the mercy of every passer-by, and even attracting attention by their piercing squeaks. Their peltry, though inferior to that of the Northern mink, is in great request, the market price of a perfect skin varying from two to three Mexican dollars. In warm summer nights a whole tribe of comadrons sometimes join in a general scrimmage—for business privileges, perhaps; and Mexican hunters often patrol the moonlit woods in the hope of taking a hand in such affairs.

For a hunter of civilized nerves, the pleasure of camping in the Rio Grande bottoms is, however, qualified by a peculiar kind of insect plague; the grievous racket of some twenty or thirty varieties of tree-locusts. The rising of the stars is the signal for a pandemonium concert of rasping, scraping, chirping, piping, and creaking cicadas, repeating their monotonous with a persistence that can make one envy the silence of the hyperborean winter nights. To Mexican ears that charivari is music, as a kettledrum to the ears of the festive Ethiopians, and that the classic nations shared that predilection seems almost to decide the question as to the stage of their musical culture. Anacreon never tires of singing the praises of the *tettix*, a sort of katydid—"emitting strains that make the sweet night sweeter," the same strains that induced one of my Tennessee friends to jump up at midnight, snatch an axe and hew down his best shade-trees, rather than endure the outrageous nuisance any longer. In Southern Texas, though, compensating nature has somewhat mitigated such horrors by the music of two genuine vocalists, the *matabejas*, or bee-thrush (*Turdus apiaster*), and the *origa*, a species of whippoorwill, with a strangely-melodious flute-like voice. The night-voices of the Rio Grande Valley make it, indeed, often difficult to say which part of the twenty-four hours can be called *par excellence* the waking time. The mustang-cows do a good deal of their wandering and fighting after sunset; bush-weasels awaken the screams of the sleeping pheasant, and packs of wild dogs often organize a deer-hunt in moonlight nights. The *perro pelon*, or tramp-dog, as the Mexicans call the ownerless curs of their north States, is a mongrel descendant of some imported varieties of the genus *canis*, and if it is true

that renegade animals revert to the original type of their species, the ancestors of our domestic dog must have been a black-muzzled brute. There are tramp-dogs of all colors and sizes, but in the second generation they all become black-muzzled as invariably as wild cows get long-horned and wild horses thick-headed. The proto-dog must also have been endowed with a liberal share of Dr. Tanner's talent. In regions where venison is as rare as in a convent of trappists, the prairie cur not only subsists, but multiplies, eking out an existence on weather-worn beef bones and certain little rodents, which, in their turn, are confined to a diet of scanty grass-seed.

The *perro pelon* has so many of the physical qualities of a good hunting-dog that he is frequently reclaimed and used as a retriever, though he is apt to betray his origin by a murderous attack on his less black-muzzled companions. That penchant is not a symptom of promiscuous ferocity, but rather of an *esprit de corps* pique, the animosity that incenses the rebel against the stall-fed loyalist. In the Bokhara desert caravan-camels are often savagely attacked by their wild relatives, and a young Czarovitch in the hands of the Nihilists would be safer than a house-dog in the clutches of a pack of *perros*. On the Bolson de Mapimi, the arid tableland between the plain of Durango and the valley of the Rio Grande, I once witnessed an execution by dog-lynch-law, administered in a way that could not have been excelled by a committee of Neapolitan Camoristas. The victim was a young butcher-dog, whose owner had absconded to avoid the payment of a forfeit, which his creditors felt uncharitably inclined to collect by proxy. Anathemas and pistol-balls whistled about the head of the devoted puppy till at last the temptation of an egregious opportunity proved irresistible. Down in a gully, at the roadside, we saw the fragments of a broken mule-cart, and a little further down, where the gully became a steep ravine, the carcass of a mule, surrounded by a conventicle of tramp-dogs, in a wider circle of vultures. The dogs looked up and presently began to bark. At the very brink of the chasm stood our mastiff, taking a bird's-eye view of the banquet below. He growled, but looked withal rather diffident, as if on the whole he felt no special motive to join the revelers just then. But in the next moment that motive was supplied by a kick that sent him head-over-heels into the gehenna below. As he picked himself up he found himself the center

of an attentive circle. The tramps, in their first surprise, had jumped back, but soon rallied and faced the intruder with looks that bristled every hair on his body. He looked at least a third larger than before; but the tramps had sized him up by that time, and suddenly, as if on a given signal, the whole pack leaped upon him with a simultaneous rush, and proceeded to reduce his actual as well as apparent size by literally tearing him limb from limb. A pack of wild *perros* several times dashed into the suburbs of Brownsville, Texas, in pursuit of a servile relative, who had dared to invade their domain without calculating the chances of the war. But with an equal persistence the prairie-hound pursues deer and antelopes, and the result of a year's training generally repays its trouble, provided the trainer can afford to let the *perro* monopolize the privileges of his position. In a crowded kennel his jealous temper makes him a rather undesirable pet.

Southern Texas has ceased to be an unbroken wilderness. Many of the *despoblados*,

or "wastes," as the Spaniards call the broad plains where the Toltecs have left mementos of their prehistoric reign, have been reclaimed; the new railways have found markets for farms that were once as remote from civilization as the banana gardens of the Senegal. The fields of the upper-river valley, too, have physical and moral chances of redemption, unlike the *despoblados* of the old world, where the raven of the Nornas every where croaks his dismal "Too late." But Texas comprises a considerable part of the Northern temperate zone. Any one nearly of its southern border counties is large enough for a European kingdom. The "District of Bexar" alone is considerably larger than Belgium and Holland taken together, and there is no doubt that after a century of progress the valley of the Rio Grande will still contain uncultivated areas of vast extent. In the far West thousands of square miles will never be fit for any thing but sheep pastures, and a full half of the boundless uplands will remain a bush park and a game preserve.

Felix L. Oswald.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

TWO years ago there was celebrated at Paris the hundredth anniversary of the first school for the blind ever established.

The young and ardent Abbé Haüy had heard, at one of the then fashionable *concerts spirituelles* in Paris, a superbly-gifted blind girl singing divinely. He made her acquaintance, and learned how, by the aid of a friend, the ingenious Kempelin, the maker of the automaton chess-player, she wrote her music and studied her art.

Mademoiselle Paradis became his inspiration, and out of the froth and foam of that strange, wild decade preceding the French revolution appeared the germ of what was to become a strong and robust growth.

The Abbé Haüy was an enthusiast, a sentimentalist, perhaps something of a charlatan, but at any rate he planted a fruitful seed and fostered its growth to the best of his powers; and history places him first as the founder of a novel school of instruction.

The prejudiced abbé never would acknowledge his debt to his inspired muse. He says it was the sight of a band of mendicant blind

musicians who, with wooden spectacles on nose, made grotesque pretense of sight as they played for coppers through the streets of Paris, that gave him his first suggestions. He says, too, that a blind beggar, his first pupil, gave him his first idea of embossed printing by deciphering, by his sense of touch, some letters on the back of a heavily-printed card. But his movable type were so similar to those made by Kempelin for Mademoiselle Paradis, and many of his methods were so like those she had first used, that the resemblances seem more than coincidences.

And yet there had not been wanting many instances of rare success in scholarship and art that might well cause any thoughtful lover of his kind to advocate plans by which the way might be made smooth for blind students, since some had groped their way to knowledge unaided by special schools for their benefit.

Ludovico Scapinelli, born in 1585, was blind from infancy, yet such was his ability as a scholar and a teacher that the Duke of Modena intrusted to him the education of his son. Scapinelli subsequently became chief professor

of eloquence in the University of Bologna, and was accounted one of the most finished scholars of that age.

Nicolas Saundersen, blind from infancy, succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Lucasian professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, England.

Nicaise de Werde, blind from infancy, became professor of common and civil law in the University of Cologne, and subsequently, by a special dispensation from the Pope, was ordained a priest.

Sir John Fielding, blind from infancy, half-brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist, was trained for the law, and was appointed, upon the failure of his brother's health, to succeed him as magistrate at Bow Street Police Court. He afterward was created chief magistrate of the kingdom, and was made a knight.

John Metcalf, born in 1706, blind from the age of six, became one of the most successful and eminent of road builders and contractors in England, bridging morasses which had before been deemed impassable.

Gambasius, who flourished in the last part of the seventeenth century, was a blind sculptor; while in music, hundreds of names of eminent blind persons could be given. Among the mural tablets of the ancient Egyptians, from the tombs at Alabastron, is one, copied by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, representing a blind harper, with seven other blind men, singing and beating time with their hands.

In Europe, since the time of Haüy, interest in the care of the blind has become widespread; but, with very few exceptions, this has resulted in the multiplication of asylums for the blind.

In our own country there has been no less interest manifested since the establishment of the first schools for the blind, which were located in New York, in Boston, and in Philadelphia, in the year 1833. But it is to be noted that the efforts of American philanthropists were founded on a different basis, and proceeded in entirely different directions from those pursued in Europe.

Where education is considered the prerogative of the ruling classes philanthropy will occupy itself, for the most part, in benefactions to alleviate pauperism. But in a country where the success of national institutions is supposed to rest upon the general intelligence of its citizens, it follows that larger efforts will be made to create intelligent citizens than to maintain paupers.

For this reason there are but two or three

asylums for the blind in this country; while there are over thirty schools for the blind in the various States.

The asylums for the blind in Europe are, generally speaking, maintained by private charity, as also are the few that exist in this country, and the adult blind are largely recipient of their bounty. But the institutions for the blind here are maintained, like the schools for deaf-mutes and imbeciles, by general taxation, and—only children within the school ages being admitted—belong, properly speaking, to the public school system of each State. Where the State assumes the responsibility of the education of its children, it logically follows that an education is the birthright of every child; and what, under other governments more paternal in their character, takes the shape of crumbs thrown in charity to the pauper, is justly regarded here as an inalienable right, which needs only its proper assertion to be promptly acknowledged and obtained.

Such is the foundation upon which these schools in our country rest; and the results obtained fully justify this theory of their establishment. A large percentage of the educated blind, deaf-mutes, and imbeciles become independent producers, maintaining themselves and their families, and exercising in the fullest degree the privileges of true citizenship placed within their reach by a fair recognition of their rights.

It is true that blind beggars may be found in every large city, among whom, without doubt, may be found some who have received an education. But in comparison with the numbers of such that abound throughout Europe, the evidence in favor of the American system is overwhelming.

Barely ten years ago an educated blind man, blind from infancy, a native of Tennessee and educated in its school for the blind, after enjoying a much-needed vacation in Europe after many years service as the assistant superintendent in the Massachusetts school for the blind, in Boston, was just about taking passage for his return home from London when he heard of an approaching "blind men's tea" that was to be given to the blind beggars of London by some charitably disposed persons there. He determined to postpone his return, that he might be present where so many of his class were to be gathered together. Fifteen hundred blind men, many of them led by dogs, presented themselves to eat without shame the bread of charity. Never in all his life, he as-

sured his friends, did the misery of ignorant blindness so force itself upon his mind. He determined, then and there, to devote himself to the task of alleviating that condition as it then existed in London. He gave up all thought of returning to his native land, and, with well-directed zeal, set himself to the work of establishing a school for the blind in London, modeled upon the American plan. He won many eminent men, notably the Duke of Westminster, and subsequently the Queen herself, to his cause, and founded the Royal Normal College of Music for the Blind in London, which has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and which is slowly but surely revolutionizing the methods of caring for the blind in Europe. The admirable article in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, under the head, "Blind," is from his pen, and is an exhaustive presentation of the whole subject. The late Sir Henry Fawcett, himself a blind man, Postmaster-General of Great Britain in the recent administration of Mr. Gladstone, was his warm friend, and had him appointed at the head of a royal commission for the coming year to inspect and report to the government the condition of institutions for the blind in the United States. Mr. Campbell's career is a notable one, and certainly shows that the loss of sight does not in itself prove an insurmountable obstacle in the path of prosperity and usefulness.

Virginia was the first of the Southern States to establish a school for the blind, in 1839; Kentucky followed the example in 1842; and the opening of a school for the blind last year in St. Augustine, Florida, made the list of the Southern States complete that have established schools for the blind. There is but one school for the blind in the New England States; New Jersey has no such school, while New York maintains two, one in New York City and one in Batavia.

The course of instruction is about the same in all these schools. Special attention is paid to instruction in music, not because blind children are peculiarly gifted in this respect, but because they can more readily compete with the seeing music teacher.

The girls all receive instruction in sewing and knitting, and many learn to cut out their own garments and make them upon the sewing-machine.

The boys are also taught some simple handicraft, such as cane-seating chairs, making brooms, and making mattresses, while some of

the schools succeed in teaching some of their pupils to become proficient in the art of piano-tuning.

A good common-school education is the foundation of all other instruction, and this is secured as a thing of the first necessity for all. From the very outset the teacher's efforts must be directed toward educating and developing the sense of touch, and the methods of the Kindergarten have proved the best aids in this work.

The processes in the education of the blind child are slow, requiring never-failing patience on the part of both teacher and pupil, but the results are eminently satisfactory.

Doubtless every reader of the *BIVOUAC* knows of some blind man or woman who manifests, in a marked degree, the advantages of a cultured mind. The difference between the educated and uneducated blind person is world-wide; the horizon of the world of the latter is the circle described by his outstretched arm; he thinks as well as feels blindly; his knowledge is an ill-assorted fagot of quotations; he is often as helpless as an infant, and must be dressed and fed, while his entire muscular system is relaxed and weak.

Contrary to the general notion, nature makes no compensation for a lost sense. Well-directed efforts may and indeed do cultivate the natural powers of the other senses where one is lacking, but the experience of every blind school is that these efforts are rarely maintained outside of an institution specially founded for their practice.

From this it follows that the training of blind children can not begin too soon. They should be taught with far greater pains than their seeing brothers and sisters the care of their persons and of their clothes. Habits of cleanliness, of order, of independence, and of helpfulness should be systematically inculcated, and at the age of eight or nine they should be sent to school.

They should be early taught to go by themselves all over the house and neighborhood without a guide; to participate helpfully in all the labors of the household; to use all the ordinary tools, the axe, hammer, saw, plane, chisel, and knife; the difference between the various plants and seeds and fruits of the farm and orchard; the mystery of budding and grafting; the care of poultry and of stock of all kinds; the different kind of trees and the lumber made from them; and, in short, the deficiency of sight should never be allowed to

relieve them from any responsibilities, or deprive them of the inestimable privileges of industry or of helpfulness. Nor should they be carefully shielded against the kindly influences and somewhat rough but wholesome teaching of knocks, falls, scratches, and rebuffs. The constant petting, and over-indulgence, the overweening care, and sentimental pity that blind children too often get, aid them not at all in a race where, with the best advantages, they are heavily handicapped. Far better for bright and active blind children is a large amount of judicious neglect than an over-fussiness of interference against possible ills.

Nothing can be worse for them than the expression in their hearing of pity for their condition, unless it be ill-advised admiration for any of their doings. Self-consciousness and conceit too often obscure the mental vision of the physically blind, but for this kind of blindness the training is largely responsible.

The number of occupations open to the blind is certainly limited, but statistics carefully prepared show these limitations are not to be drawn by seeing persons. The latest and also the ablest treatise on the differential calculus, published two years ago by John Wiley & Sons, of New York, was written by a blind man. The best fancy race-boat builder in the East is totally blind, and he selects personally all the lumber used in his business.

If these were isolated facts they would be of small importance, but their wide difference shows how much may lie between; and hun-

dreds of instances might be adduced to show that the lack of sight does not form so insurmountable an obstacle or shut so many gates to success against the blind as it would seem to those who are bewildered at the very thought of being deprived of their eyes.

The patient, impassive face of the blind awakens a certain sentimental pity in the minds of the most callous, but in the presence of the highly cultured and able blind person the noblest in the land may only feel that they have met their peer, in whom the absence of sight was no more than a personal peculiarity scarcely to be noticed.

While such possibilities are open to the blind, it is much to be regretted that only about one fourth of those within the school ages, of six to sixteen years of age, are in attendance upon the schools provided for them. This is partly because the parents are ignorant, but more frequently from the injudicious and mistaken tenderness and the cruel kindness that will not permit an afflicted child to receive an education, if, in getting it, the child must be separated for a time from its home.

The responsibility for this condition of things rests upon every reader of the *BIVOUAC* just so far as the opinion of one helps to form public opinion. In the perfect commonwealth every child will be educated, because public sentiment will not permit any child to grow up in ignorance; in the meantime it is each one's duty to do all that in him lies to hasten the coming of such an epoch.

B. B. Huntton.

YESTERDAY.

When midnight on our Western Ind
Turns on the hinges of a star,
The freshness of the morning wind
Blows freely, like a door ajar,
Over the sleeper in his sleep
Who dreams, among the poppy leaves,
Of Cassim Baba in the keep
Hearing hoop o' the forty thieves;
And wakes to see the morning light,
As gray as water, come and fill
His wine-cup, while the thievish night
Still hides in hollows of the hill.
But, oh! its footstep ripple hems
The sand, where it has stolen away
The gold of Ophir and the gems
That made the crowns of yesterday.

Will Wallace Harney.

LIDDELL'S RECORD OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

CHAPTER I.

THE United States Military School at West Point was the cradle of the leaders of armies in our great civil war. Its pupils being equals in the knowledge of all the arts of war, success necessarily attended that side which could wield the greatest strength and resources; a condition of things oftentimes beyond the power even of genius to counterbalance. The best school is experience. The operations of war lead the intelligent soldier in the field to reflect upon the changes of human affairs, and to trace the probable causes and effects. The history of the actions of great men interest him more than ever, and as their deeds pass in review before him, many things once obscure become plain to his mind. He sees clearly that the actions of men are only relative; and that he who with small means accomplishes great things excites wonder and admiration; while, on the other hand, the accomplishment of great things with great means can only be looked upon as a matter of course, exciting no emotion of surprise.

It is clear to our common-sense reflections that the disparity of numbers on the part of the South could only be counterbalanced by wisdom and foresight in the leader of Southern affairs in caring for all material resources and directing all physical powers to such places

where greatest results would ensue; and, after it became unmistakable that energies had been expended in vain and failure was inevitable, it was the part of wisdom to know when to terminate the war by compromising on such terms and guaranties as might be thought the most compatible with the future interests and security of the people. A wise government would have clearly foreseen the ruin resulting from the intersection of its territory by invading armies, and accordingly bent all its power unreservedly to prevent or counteract such misfortune. Hence, it must be seen how important is great ability in the head of a government to originate and effect combined operations, enabling it to know where and how to hold the vulnerable points by accumulation of forces; to disregard all minor objects and to divert the enemy from his own purposes by taking the initiative and striking him continually where most exposed or inviting attack; in a few words, to see that *inactive defensive warfare* is fatal. A war once begun, the natural policy of either belligerent is to *seize* the means of the other and appropriate them to its own uses and for its own advantage. "The essence of war is violence; moderation in war is imbecility." With such foresight, justified besides by custom and the law of nations, why did not the Confederate government retain all Northern

*The reminiscences of the war and the comments upon the civil and military policy of the Confederacy, which are given below, were written by General St. John R. Liddell, of Louisiana, in 1866. General Liddell was a graduate of West Point, but had resigned his commission in the old service many years before the breaking out of the war between the States, and at that date was a prosperous and wealthy planter in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana. Many of our readers will, perhaps, remember his tragic fate in 1871; when he was shot to death by parties resident in the same parish, in the prosecution of a *vendetta* which had its origin in an *ante bellum* quarrel. It was one of those fierce feuds which time had no power to abate, and would yield to no pacific influence. Surviving the excitement of a conflict in which minor passions might well be absorbed and lost, nor forgotten even during the bitter years of reconstruction, mutual resentments at length culminated in desperate and bloody issue.

General Liddell was admitted to the councils, and possessed, in very full measure, the confidence of General Albert Sidney Johnston and General Bragg; and not the least interesting portion of his narrative is that in which he recites the substance of a conference had with Mr. Davis, at General Johnston's request. No officer of his rank in the Confederate army, perhaps, saw more constant and important service, or witnessed or became personally familiar with events of more real historic value.

After the death of McCullough, who fell in one of the earlier battles of the Trans-Mississippi, General Liddell was placed in command of his brigade. He was identified with the army of Tennessee during nearly all of its arduous work and heroic history. He saw Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. He was in command of the Red River department in Louisiana for some months. He also commanded the forces at Blakely. He was ever distinguished for gallantry and good conduct, but his fame rests chiefly upon his defense of Spanish Fort, near Mobile, and the battle he fought there at almost the last moment of hostilities.

Though not a practiced writer, General Liddell has nevertheless succeeded in presenting his subject with great clearness and directness, and in imparting to it an interest unusual even to matter of such importance. While his style lacks the ease which is acquired only by the habitual use of the pen, it is never obscure and always vigorous. It has the force and incisive effect which usually characterize the utterances of men of acute and strong intelligence and positive natures upon topics which they thoroughly understand. Written immediately after the close of the struggle, while every recollection and impression was yet distinct and vivid, the narrative breathes something of the spirit of the actual conflict, yet is marked by a careful and discriminating presentation of facts, and an avoidance of the usual exaggerations, which seems to have been a strong intellectual characteristic of the author. He seems to be entirely devoid of all desire to unduly exalt or eulogize his own people or their leaders, although strenuously insisting upon the justice of their cause. Indeed, so far from indulging in hero worship, his strictures in some instances are, perhaps, too harsh. The reader must also remember that when these papers were prepared the future of the South was shrouded with a gloom almost impenetrable to hope.

At the suggestion of the author's friends, some passages and certain reflections, not necessary to the historic recital, have been omitted.—EDITOR.

shipping in Southern ports, after the war had commenced? Why, by halfway measures, or halting with the lingering view of vain conciliation, or perhaps in the overwrought spirit of high-toned *military honor*, allow all these vessels to leave the ports at pleasure, that they might be, as they were, turned into immediate uses against the South? The enemy derided the very spirit that led to the mistake. Mr. Davis did not know the enemy he was dealing with, although he had spent his political life among them, and their very want of faith in national affairs which brought about this state of things should have opened his eyes and hardened his purposes. But he was no revolutionist by nature. He could not separate law and order, legislation and compromise, from the violence of the times and accommodate himself to the *last* unreservedly—certainly to his credit as a good man be it known—but he still clung to the vain hope that the whole thing could be settled without coming to blows, and peaceable separation of the States effected.

We but call to mind the history of nations and apply the policy and strategy of their great leaders, when we come to study the causes that led to the failure of the South in the American civil war. Thiers says: "When war is a purely mechanical routine, consisting only in driving and slaughtering the enemy whom you have before you, it is scarcely worthy of history; but when you meet with one of those conflicts in which you see a mass of men moved by a single vast conception, which develops itself amidst the din of battle with as much precision as that of a Newton or a Descartes in the silence of the closet, then the sight is worthy of the philosopher as well as the statesman and the soldier."

This "*vast conception*" was what the Confederacy most needed; and, amid so much ability in other respects, the great man with vast conception was not to be found; that is, one whose comprehensive views could embrace the whole subject in its fullest and broadest extent, and could create deliberately those great combinations so necessary to insure final success by indicating objective points to commanders. The leader of men in modern times has all history whence to acquire lessons of wisdom, and he may well reflect that the various changes of government and of military affairs among so many nations in the past must, of course, embrace within its bounds almost every species of human action, and he has but to draw therefrom common sense and

deductions to make the application to the affairs of his own time.

Eleven States of the South, with a total population of eight millions of whites, widely scattered, were opposed by upward of twenty-six millions of Northern people, to whose prosperity the former had largely contributed by their cotton productions and liberal policy in the affairs of government; the Southern States had within their limits, besides the whites, a slave population of nearly four millions of negroes. These latter people had an intuitive perception of the causes and motives of the war, and, of course, were ready when the proper time had come to promote practically an object which had for its end, among other things, their own freedom. Up to this moment they remained quiet as in the most peaceful times; but as the country became gradually occupied by the Federal armies, bringing the slaves in closer intercourse with their *proclaimed* liberators, large numbers of the able-bodied men among them joined the already overgrown armies of the Union, adding greatly thereby to their strength and efficiency. Before this accession the Federal strength had been swelled by adventurers from abroad, chiefly Irish, Germans, Swedes, Canadians, and other peoples, not to mention Indians and Mexicans. The United States official reports show the total number of enlistments to be 2,688,523, of which about 2,500,000 men were white, the balance negroes, to whom the credit of *saving* the Union is given by the negrophillist writers and politicians of the North.

At the termination of the war a statement appeared in the papers, said to be derived from official sources, showing the Union strength in the *field* to be 1,070,000 men, effective, under pay at that time. The Confederacy was called in derision "a shell," with a thin population, spread from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, having disaffected slaves in its midst. Truly, by comparison in a military point of view, it was but a shell.

The Southern people did not stop to calculate the full cost or the chances of war, nor consider the great odds against them, odds unexpectedly doubled by accession of adventurers from outside peoples; nor did they, for a moment, entertain a thought of *possible* mistake in the ability of their *political* leaders for war or for all the arts of diplomacy. Knowing that cupidity was at the bottom of racial morality, they determined to destroy all

cotton liable to fall into their hands, and by legislative enactment decreed that it should be burned wherever and whenever exposed to such seizure. This ill-advised determination was afterward regretted, and eventually bitterly denounced by its own originators, thus proving that the masses are ever fickle and inconsiderate; ready, besides, to cast the odium of their own follies upon others open to plausible attack, as if, like the ancient heathen, the sacrifice of wretched victims would appease the anger of the gods and avert impending evil.

Two years of bloody warfare, causing great privation to the Southern people, convinced them of errors of judgment in personal matters rather than of lack of determination and energy to *persevere* without flinching in their determination, come what will, for independent government. It was too late now to retrace their steps and remedy their own acts, after having them fixed by legal enactments. The pressure in war had become too great to effect at once salutary changes of any sort, and evils must be endured for better opportunity. No solution of affairs presented itself to their longing hopes from any quarter, and all eyes looked forward with intense anxiety for some man of vast conception to spring forth and lead the way to Southern independence and safety; one who, if unable to secure this blessing, could, to say the least, negotiate for return to the old Union with honor and with personal rights respected; the issues, slavery and States-rights, given up and yielded so far that the gradual extinction of the former would be provided for to prevent the ruin of its widespread interests. Confidence in Mr. Davis' management of affairs had become impaired, and every one looked for some expression from General R. E. Lee to direct public opinion and lead the way to success. But he never spoke or gave the slightest intimation of his views. It was believed that Mr. Davis would at least acquiesce in General Lee's opinion, if ever made known; and to this day, if indeed in all the future, his reticence is to be regretted! Many will censure him for not speaking out boldly. Occupying the position he did, modesty should not have restrained him from speaking, if by his wisdom the way could have been pointed out.

The offer of restoration on the part of the North began now to be caught at and considered. The *sincerity* of such an offer was at first disbelieved, then doubted, then credited, and finally confided in by the weak, just as

events transpiring in the field of contest swayed their opinions either way, until eventually, all hope seeming to be exhausted, many deserted their own cause and passed over with unblushing professions of constant loyalty to the Union side, fully confiding at last in the faith of those people whom they had distrusted and denounced in the beginning.

It is my purpose to write only my impressions had at the time, with the facts coming under my own observations during this war, regardless of any *exposé* of the motives and acts of those contemporary or connected with me, or of the *common* enemy during the period of my service. I know well that no two persons see the same thing or subject in the same light, or draw alike conclusions; nevertheless the truth of history can only be obtained from the collated writings of all who impart to the world the testimony of their own observations. I pretend to no more than a simple narration of facts to the best of my knowledge and recollection.

CHAPTER II.

Impressed with the necessity of prompt preparation on the part of the South to meet future events, I corresponded with Colonel Braxton Bragg, of Louisiana, and by appointment met him at Baton Rouge, in January, 1860. He was at that time State commissioner of swamp lands. I had not seen him for twenty-six years, when we were at the same school and in the same class. I expressed to him my fears that the threatening political troubles would cause collision between the North and South, and suggested to him the necessity of prompt preparation for defense on the part of our State. He readily admitted this to be the probable result of the existing state of sectional animosities, but believed the danger to be yet distant, and, on his part, only wished my co-operation and assistance, as a citizen of the State, in organizing and fostering the State military school at Alexandria, on the Red River, with the express view of preparing young soldiers for this very emergency. I apprehended that no time would be afforded for much benefit to be derived from such a school before war would occur, and something more was needed at that time.

I did not see Bragg again until February, 1861, and, meanwhile, some of my premature fears had been verified. The Southern States were seceding from the Union, and great excitement prevailed. War was talked of as the

consequence, and the names of active leaders were mentioned on both sides, among them that of W. T. Sherman, who had been in charge of the State military school at Alexandria, placed there through the influence of Bragg himself. Notwithstanding Bragg's partiality I had no confidence in him. I was also satisfied that he was against the South at heart. Bragg said that he had not heard him spoken of unfavorably by any other person: to which I answered that he himself would find him out before being done with him.

We changed the subject to the probable strategy of both sides in case of civil war, and I alluded to the policy of the North to get possession of the Mississippi River and divide our territory and cripple our resources. He scouted the idea as impracticable; and when I spoke of the facilities of railroad transportation for military purposes of invasion, he rejected its practicability, also saying that such communications were too open to severance. His opinions seemed fixed, but were by no means conclusive or convincing with me. He lived to learn better by sad experience, the hardest of teachers. At that time, in my ignorance of such things, I trusted sincerely that *he* was right; but I could not be made to see it. We disagreed so continuously that I feared that he was inclined to perverseness, which always will bias good judgment. Some of my views were reasonable, surely. At all events, I felt annoyed somewhat that he would not even entertain them at a time when he could have done good from his important standing in the country and well-established military reputation. Apart from the pride of Southern character, every interest I had was at stake; all of which must sink or float with the cause. Hence my solicitude regarding our affairs could require no more stimulus.

Some short time after this conversation it became known that Major Sherman had given up the Alexandria school and gone North, upon which, the next time meeting with Bragg, I referred to the facts, and wished to know how his opinion stood now. He said, with a shrug, that Sherman was just like all the rest of the Yankees, unreliable. Nothing more was said; nor can I call to mind an occasion in which Sherman's name was ever again mentioned between us.

I think in February, 1861, Bragg was appointed Brigadier-General in the regular service organized by the State; and upon the establishment of the Confederate Government at

Montgomery he was transferred with his command to that service. He desired me to take a commission under him, which I declined until an actual necessity for my services should arise, in which case I would answer his call promptly. He was ordered to Pensacola, and promoted in the fall following.

Leading a private life, I had never held office of any kind or sought it. When affairs became so threatening as to require the raising of troops, some few of my attached friends endeavored to secure for me the command of one of the newly organized regiments in the State, without my knowledge at the time, and, as it so turned out, without success, as my name carried no political weight; and perhaps it was fortunate for me that it should be so. I found that the politicians, in seeking the new field for distinction, were having their own way in the organization of regiments and in filling the offices. I retired at once from competition, pleased to think that they who had used most influence in bringing on the war were bravely determined to see it out personally. How many stuck it through I am unable to say. But as the dangers of war thickened, I fear *all* did not adhere unwaveringly to their professions of constancy. Nevertheless the majority did, and deserve, therefore, all the praise due brave and patriotic men.

As collision in April, 1861, became more and more imminent, I was not content with passive inactivity, and therefore went to Virginia. On my way, I met with Brigadier-General Hardee at Memphis, who was going to take command in Northern Arkansas. We renewed old associations of 1835, which terminated in my making arrangements with him to serve as a volunteer on his staff (Bragg never having yet made any call on me), for which purpose I was to join him at Pochontas, Arkansas, after my return from Virginia. About the 12th of June, I was at Manassas, where I saw Beauregard, whom I had known since 1835, but now in command of the army. I found him exceedingly reticent of his designs, giving me very little information. He, however, showed me his maps, which put things before me so plainly that I could draw my own inferences very readily of all probable movements, excepting, of course, the time for action and the strength of forces. I went to Centerville, where I found my eldest son, a lad of some sixteen years, and now second lieutenant of a company ("Guerillas") in Major Wheat's battalions, all at this particular juncture on duty in front, and *kept moving* on outpost service, very hard upon young tyros.

After waiting several days and nothing occurring, I went to Richmond and was introduced by a lady friend to the President, whom I had not seen since my boyhood, too young to remember him after the lapse of some thirty-seven years. Our families had lived in the same county in Mississippi, and were well known to each other. I recognized his resemblance to his sister, Mrs. Stamps, a most estimable lady who still remained near the old place of the family. The first battle of Bull Run had just been telegraphed, and, speaking of the next movement of the enemy, Mr. Davis said, in reply to an observation from me, "Any attempt to turn our left by crossing our front would be very hazardous to him." He seemed very anxious, but confident of the result. The next day I returned to Manassas, taking with me my second son, fourteen years old, who had come from Louisiana with me on this visit, and on getting near there on the cars, I found the lines closed, with orders directing all persons not connected with the army to turn back. I succeeded, however, in reaching a friend, Captain Keary, then in command of the camp at the junction, and remained with him during the night.

The following morning, early, the fight opened with distant cannonading, which gradually moved toward our left front and up the north side of the Bull Run. The movement of troops was plainly indicated by clouds of dust, and about 10 A. M. the engagement with our left wing was unmistakable, and troops were hurried from right to left with all possible dispatch in support of the small force already there. I shall not attempt to describe this tumultuous affair, as it has already been done sufficiently often by both sides. The enemy had passed our front in column, as if in review, in the endeavor to gain our left and rear, thus clearly pursuing the very movement condemned by Mr. Davis. But what advantage was taken of it was in no manner perceptible to me. Men had been pushed forward to meet *this* flank movement, and there the battle began and ended, the enemy taking the same road in retreat, with his flanks fully exposed and inviting, as it were, our attack. It was a matter of wonder to me at the time that our right wing and center were not pushed forward with all possible vigor upon the flank of the disordered enemy, and then directed to take up the line of march at once with the fugitives for Washington. The panic was so great that its occupation by our troops can hardly be questioned

had the attempt been made. No good genius whispered to our Hannibal the golden chance. Peace would have certainly followed, for ours would have become the *de facto* government in actual possession of the Capital and all its accessories, while the North, disorganized, with confusion and uncertainty prevailing, would have consented to separation without further bloodshed. I saw then and regretted the *fruitless* victory; better to have *lost it* and taken the consequences at once, than not to have availed ourselves of its advantages to the *fullest extent*. I met no one who seemed to look further than the immediate glory of the day, while the intoxication of success served only to content men to give no further thought for the future. This great opportunity lost forever, our troops remained inactive for the balance of the year (to *give time*, as it were, for the enemy to get *fully* ready), and all of the following spring seemingly waiting for something favorable to turn up; an unpardonable, suicidal policy, that surely reacts; for they who would be successful must *astonish* by *making* events, not waiting for them.

In August, 1861, I found General Hardee at Greenville, in the lower part of Missouri. The expedition contemplated in the direction of St. Louis having been abandoned, Hardee was ordered by General Polk to Columbus, Kentucky, on the east bank of the Mississippi River, and thence, soon afterward, to Bowling Green, where General A. S. Johnston, now in command of the whole department, designed establishing his headquarters. From Bowling Green a portion of Hardee's command was pushed up to Cave City, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Up to this time all of his troops were from Arkansas, but he was now promoted to Major-General of Division, in which was embraced men from Tennessee and other States. I assisted him in drilling and disciplining the troops under him. There was a great deal of sickness among the young men of the army, but I know not how many died; I am sure not less than three thousand from various causes. The waste of life from lack of proper care and means was frightful, and this, too, at a time when the services of every man were required in support of the cause. I think at one time there could have been hardly less than sixteen thousand sick and absent out of a total of less than forty thousand men. At Bowling Green I became acquainted with Brigadier-General S. B. Buckner, who, being the best drill-officer in the service, had or-

ganized and disciplined the best division of troops in the Tennessee army. I have learned to estimate this man highly for his many good qualities. Affable, high-toned, and able, though not brilliant, he lacked only constancy of purpose to have made a more prominent figure in the war. I thought him inclined to be impatient with superiors, and yet lacking in energy when left to himself. Hardee said to me that he was not as good an administrator of his command as General S. A. Wood.

Brigadier-General J. B. Floyd, of Virginia, and Bowers, of Missouri, were there at that period; also Colonel Terry, of Texas Rangers, Brigadier-General Hindman, and Colonel J. C. Brown, of Tennessee, and Colonel P. R. Cleburne, of Arkansas, names more or less known. We were inactive the whole of the winter of 1861 and 1862, and meanwhile the Federals were busily engaged in building *gunboats* on the Ohio River, accumulating supplies, and concentrating troops at Louisville and on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad as far down as Munfordsville, on the Green River, as if preparing for some decided movement with combined strength—army and navy—southward. They were permitted to get all things ready for this expedition without the slightest molestation, as General Johnston had not in his control sufficient force to assume the offensive. His army was scattered, necessarily, in detached commands from Columbus, on the Mississippi, to Cumberland Gap. General Polk commanded at the first named place, Hardee at Bowling Green, General Crittenden at Mill Spring, and Generals Lloyd and Tilghman at Forts Henry and Donelson. Of this whole army, I suppose that fully one third were absent or sick.

General Johnston was well aware of the designs of the enemy and unable to thwart them; he sensibly felt his numerical weakness. At this period antagonistic portions of armies stood as follows, viz., General J. E. Johnston, in Virginia, opposed to General McClellan, who was far from being ready to march on Richmond; General A. S. Johnston, in Kentucky, opposed to Generals Buell and Grant and others, nearly ready to move; and Generals Price and Van Dorn, in Missouri, opposed to Fremont and others; General Steel, I think, was among the number. Except the battle of Belmont, where the Federal forces under General Grant had been beaten by General Polk, nothing disturbed, seriously, the quiet of the fall and winter, till the middle of January,

1862. At Munfordsville, however, Colonel Terry, commanding Texas Rangers, had been killed in one of General Hindman's fights on the Green River. But the time was coming when events must take some shape and remove suspense.

On the 9th of January, 1862, General Hardee informed me that General Johnston wished me to go to Richmond on business for him, and that I must see him at once to get instructions. I did so, and held a long, private interview with him on the subject of my mission. He seemed to be fully alive to the uncertain condition of affairs, and spoke very deliberately and closely of every thing connected with his situation, of holding his present line of the Green River, and of the strength and designs of the enemy under Generals Buell and Grant, regretting very much the inadequacy of his own force, and desired me to impress the President with the necessity of sending him *reinforcements and arms*, both of which, he thought, might be spared to him temporarily at this juncture from Virginia, as no immediate movement was contemplated in that quarter, since McClellan was not ready. In the course of our conversation I was careful to elicit from him a clear understanding of all the points bearing upon his present position, north of the Cumberland, and he ended the interview, saying, pleasantly, that as I seemed to understand the subject, he left it to me to lay the whole matter open to the President, as my judgment prompted. He then wrote a letter to Mr. Davis, stating the object of my visit. My impression of General Johnston at that time was that he possessed a *clear* head, without brilliancy, was comprehensive in his views, was self-possessed, with imperturbable equanimity of manner; and, fully seeing the dangers around him, like a man of *decided* character, went at his work with calm determination to hold to his purpose with unflinching tenacity—to win, if possible, at the start, or to maneuver for better opportunity. I must, however, confess that I was not impressed with the profundity of his combinations. It was his good, *common-sense* views that struck me and won my respect. I know no one whose good sense I valued so much. Colonel W. W. Mackall was chief of staff for the General. He was an old army officer; was an old friend and classmate of mine, and our meeting revived old associations that justified entire freedom of intercourse and gave me opportunities for valuable information otherwise unattainable. He

also gave me a letter to his relative in Richmond, and I carried with me maps and a synopsis of effective strength, 23,000 (nearly), and total force of General Johnston's whole command, 39,000.

Leaving Bowling Green early the next morning, I traveled by rail, without stopping, over the Cumberland and Blue Ridge mountain chains at a time of the year when it was excessively cold and the ground was covered with snow. The bridges near Marion, in Virginia, had been washed away by previous rains, and I had to take an open wagon with straw covering over me for protection from the weather to get to a distant station. But, notwithstanding the cold and these delays, I arrived at Richmond late in the evening of the 14th, four days out, and repaired through the snow at once to the President's house. I was soon admitted and shown into a room by a little negro boy. I found the place very comfortable, after so much exposure on the railroads. In a short time Mr. Davis came in and I handed him my letter from General Johnston. While he was engaged in reading it, my attention was drawn to his features, which seemed to be disturbed and careworn. A lighted lamp was suspended over the center-table between us, and as he read the letter I could not avoid seeing the effect it had by his features, which seemed to contract as if from pain or, perhaps, anger. To my surprise, he suddenly exclaimed with abrupt emphasis, "*My God!* why did General Johnston send you to me for arms and reinforcements, when he must know that I have neither? He has plenty of men in Tennessee, and they *must* have arms of some kind—shot-guns, rifles, even pikes could be used. We commenced this war without preparation, and we must do the best we can with what we have at hand."

His manner seemed excited and irritated, whether natural with him or for effect, I knew too little of him to say; but I ventured to remark that General Johnston could hardly be expected to know any thing more than his own necessities; certainly not the disabilities of the government at the distance he was from it, and whose orders he had to await. Mr. Davis said, "But where am I to get arms and men?" I answered that General Johnston had expressed to me his belief that there must be an excess of arms taken at Manassas, and that troops might be spared to him temporarily from the seacoast defenses and other points not yet threatened.

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At this Mr. Davis quickly fired and somewhat angrily exclaimed, "My God! why repeat? the people of Virginia are already dissatisfied at my sending General Floyd's brigade to General Johnston, and the other States are unwilling to spare men. What am I to do?" I remarked with deference that troops might be spared for the occasion from Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, and even New Orleans, when Mr. Davis petulantly interrupted, saying, "Do you think those places of so little importance that I should strip them of the troops necessary for their defense?" I answered that those places *were* of importance, but not so much so, as the *heart* of the Confederacy, at which a desperate blow would soon be aimed, and if warded off *in time*, might be the means of saving those places; to do which, all available means and men from *every* quarter should be sent to Johnston's support, who had but a small army, and would soon be attacked on all sides, and be compelled to fall back before superior numbers to the Memphis and Charleston Railroad on the line of the Tennessee River, and unless enabled to maintain his ground, the connection with the West would be cut, ending finally by the enemy taking possession of the Mississippi River and destroying our communications with Texas and Arkansas. "My God!" again exclaimed Mr. Davis, very emphatically, "why repeat?" I now felt nettled at this constant repetition, and instantly said, "I am not repenting, sir; this is my first conversation with you on this subject, and I am not conscious of unnecessary or any repetition; I am trying to make known to you the facts and the dangers threatening us in Kentucky and Tennessee, and, if possible, to set forth the remedy." He now rather considerably said:

"I mean only that I have heard similar remarks from others."

"In that case our opinions only happen to coincide, and," I continued, "I came here to represent General Johnston, at his special desire, to make known to you his condition and his wants; that I had no personal considerations of my own to promote, apart from the deep interest I felt in the Confederate cause."

This seemed to satisfy him with my motives at least, so he became silent and thoughtful. I then handed to him the synopsis of General Johnston's effective strength, which, upon looking at, he merely remarked that many or most of the absent and sick would go to the field when active operations commenced. I sought

the opportunity to say, however, that whatever troops could be sent to Tennessee or Kentucky might be returned to their places at a future time when needed; meanwhile every thing depended upon General Johnston's holding fast to *his designs*, and as to the objections made by the States relating to the transfer of their troops *beyond* their respective limits, I thought he ought to disregard them altogether. That the people of the Confederacy had placed him at the head of their cause and would look to him alone to provide for the common defense; and that whenever he thought the greatest beneficial results were to be obtained, it was for him to use his authority to put forth the full strength of the armies; for by *united efforts* only could success be assured; that, in my opinion, every thing available for offense should be concentrated into the two armies of Virginia and Kentucky to enable each to take the initiative in offensive operations, instead of waiting, as we were doing, for the enemy—secure and unmolested himself—to watch the place and opportunity to unite *his* forces for attack; in short, that we must make him feel the weight of war on his own soil. Mr. Davis quickly assented to these views, zealously urged by me, and said that he had such objects in contemplation, but that we were not prepared for this attempt at this time, meanwhile all we could do now was to make the best possible use of the means now in our hands. That better time never came. I now saw plainly that though Mr. Davis was not altogether satisfied with his own views, yet he distrusted the views of others, and seemed disinclined to believe in the representations I had made of General Johnston's critical condition.

I had heard that General Johnston was an especial favorite of Mr. Davis, and was naturally surprised when I saw no point was *stretched* to afford him prompt aid. Disappointed at this fixed determination, which foreboded disaster to my eyes, I arose to leave, expressing, nevertheless, my regret and concern at the mistake made by the General in selecting *me* to go on this fruitless mission.

As I was about to go, Mr. Davis rose, and coming toward me with extended hand, said: "No, sir, I do not regret your coming; it is right that I should know all the facts, though I may not afford the desired relief. When do you leave for Bowling Green?"

"I shall rest to-morrow, and leave the next day. I am tired traveling on crowded cars in cold weather."

He then invited me to dine with him the next day, at 6 P.M. Surprised at this sudden civility, since up to this time his manner had not been at all cordial, my first impulse was to decline; but I reflected that my own feelings were not worthy a moment's consideration when so much was at stake, and *perhaps* to-morrow might bring changes in his mind. Accordingly, I accepted the invitation. Much more was said than I have written. I confine myself to the most important points. I might have prolonged the conversation, but Mr. Davis seemed impatient, and yet not uninterested, with a subject that to a great extent doubtless was disagreeably perplexing to him; so much so, indeed, that his manner made it unmistakably apparent. I therefore desisted and hastened to leave, cherishing the hope that there was still a chance left on the morrow. It struck me forcibly that he did not *grasp* the magnitude of affairs with the view to combined operations throughout the Confederacy, nor did he seem inclined to listen dispassionately to the views or weigh the suggestions of those who were candid enough to express opinions at variance with his own. It is doubtless true that the *active* execution of indifferent plans is better than indecision and non-execution of good ones; yet such important matters should be discussed freely and fairly before determined upon. Keeping his own counsel, Mr. Davis could well afford to listen and ponder the promptings of others known to him as patriotic and sensible men like General Johnston, for no one man can be expected to know all things, any more than he can be expected to do all things. Even after the mind has been definitely made up, common-sense suggestions from ordinary men may modify or improve the wisest determination. Decision of character *without* good judgment and wisdom to sustain it amounts to obstinacy, and can not avail much after all.

At the appointed hour I was again admitted to the President's house, and found him again alone with his family. It was much later than my usual dinner time, but my anxieties dissipated any desire for food. We had quite a long social conversation. He seemed quite another man, and was delighted to speak of his school-boy days, of our teachers, of the old citizens of the county in which we lived, in short, of every local occurrence that had transpired in our earlier days, ignoring altogether the subject most important to my mind just then, although at several intervals I attempted to introduce it,

which he as often avoided as if out of place, and once so pointedly that it seemed to give him pain; hence it became proper on my part to cease all further allusions. He brought up the fine scholarship of the Rev. Dr. I. A. Shaw, of New England, our old teacher of 1825, commending him in the highest terms; mentioned having met with him in New Orleans after his own political advancement to the United States Congress, and of the gratification it seemed to give the Doctor.

He then related anecdotes of old citizens well-known to both of us, spoke of a certain Captain Jack Stewart, a Scotch loyalist and retired British officer, whom I well recollect to have seen, about the year 1824, dressed in the red uniform coat in which he took great pride to the last. Mr. Davis said, in riding to and from the academy, which was some distance from his home, he was often accidentally brought in company with this stout old Captain Jack, who was always sociable and was particular to inquire about his progress in Latin—where he was? what book and line? and upon being informed, the old man would take it up from memory and repeat the whole. This was no uncommon thing with him, and Mr. Davis thought that he was the most thorough Latin scholar he had ever met. He took so much interest in these reminiscences that it must have afforded him relief from his cares in public perplexities; but I must confess that my thoughts ran all the time in an entirely different channel. I could not separate them from the present troubles that convulsed our country. I could not appreciate any relaxation from the study of its solution, and listened only with forced attention to the end. When I started to leave, after dinner, Mr. Davis said:

"Tell my friend, General Johnston, that I can do nothing for him; that he must rely upon his own resources. But I expect to get thirty-eight thousand stand of arms, shortly, from Europe, from which I can then furnish him."

I quickly said, "All?"

"No; only his share."

He continued to talk as we approached the door of the ante-room. On my asking for dispatches, he directed me to call on Secretary J. P. Benjamin, who would give them to me. Getting into the ante-room, I requested him not to trouble himself to wait for me, as I knew how to get along now. "No, no," he said, "it gives me no trouble." And then taking my overcoat from the hook, he kindly as-

sisted me in putting it on. On shaking hands with him at parting, he used the words, "May God bless you," as though he especially meant me well. I felt him to be sincere, and reciprocated my honest hope for his health and that we might meet again in better times.

I found it very cold in the streets of Richmond then, and hastened to the War Office to get the dispatches, that I might be ready for the cars at daylight. On applying to Mr. Benjamin, he told me he had "given the dispatches to Earl Van Dorn, who had left that morning for Bowling Green." The next morning I found the air very cold and the crowded cars very disagreeable, so that I was quite unwell when the train reached Chattanooga, about 9 P. M., the third day. I pushed on, however, and arrived at Bowling Green the next evening, 20th of January. I repaired forthwith on foot, through rain and mud, to the General's headquarters, and made known to him the result of my mission, detailing all the particulars, and ending by expressing my sincere regrets that he had not selected a *more* politic man for the business, whose persuasive ability might have influenced the President to grant all that was desired. The General answered, with candor, "No, sir; I am glad that I sent *you*; you have told the plain facts. I will be justified now in whatever I may do. I am satisfied."

I then asked him if he had received the dispatches from General Van Dorn. "No." I then told him what Mr. Benjamin had said to me. He sent at once to inquire of General Van Dorn, who had preceded me one day, and received for answer: "No dispatches had been given him by Mr. Benjamin." All persons present were surprised.

My trip across the mountains had cost me a bronchial affection with painful cough, from which to be relieved I sought and obtained permission from Hardee to go south for thirty days. The disaster at Mill Spring and the death of Zollicoffer had occurred on the 19th, and I began to feel more anxiously impressed with our critical condition. I therefore asked the consent of the General to use the information I possessed to get assistance from the Governors of Louisiana and Mississippi, since the President had said that the States were unwilling to send men beyond their own borders, and perhaps *now* they would see their own danger, and would unite for the common good; but General Johnston, after a few moments of reflection, in which time he took, by the way of stimulus, a large chew of tobacco, declined

granting the permission, assigning for reason simply that "it would be *useless*."

Generals Floyd and Buckner had now gone to Fort Donelson with their commands. Heavy rains had been and were still occurring, and

the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers very high and still rising. I hastened on, and arrived in New Orleans about the 26th of January, and did not delay long before going to see General Lovell, in command there.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "A Family Affair," "Bound Together," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAY or two after I had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure, we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had heard nothing of his proceedings until he now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was, I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his. Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information, Carriston shrugged his shoulders, and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. However, the fellow had called at last, and, I hoped, had brought us good news.

He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us, he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated and give us his news.

Carriston gave him a careless glance, and stood at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might indeed, from his looks, have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the questioning.

"Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money."

"I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say,

heard this answer with supreme indifference. "I think I may say I have, sir," continued the detective—"that is, if the gentleman can identify these articles as being the young lady's property."

Thereupon he produced from a thick letter-case a ribbon in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright.

"How did you come by this?" he cried, pointing to the silver ornament.

"I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recognize it?"

"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself."

"Then we are on the right track," I cried, joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

"Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but after all, it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when I heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady, I began to concoct my own theory. I said to myself, when a young and beautiful—"

"Confound your theories!" cried Carriston, fiercely. "Go on with your tale."

The man gave his interrupter a spiteful glance. "Well, sir," he said, "as you gave me strict instructions to watch a certain gentleman closely, I obeyed those instructions, of course, although I knew I was on a fool's errand."

"Will you go on?" cried Carriston. "If you know where Miss Rowan is, say so; your money will be paid you the moment I find her."

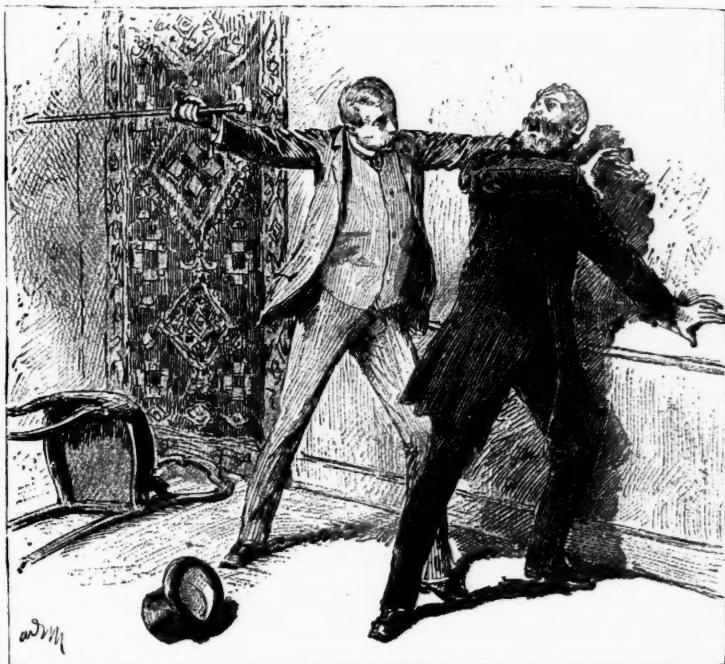
"I don't say I know exactly where to find her, but I can soon know if you wish me to."

"Tell your tale your own way, but as shortly as possible," I said, seeing that my excitable friend was preparing for another outburst.

"I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you mentioned, sir, so I went to Scotland and tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from London to Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Boulong."

I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He was leaning against the mantel-piece, and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Madeline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, "I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded



"CARRISTON THRASHED THE MAN VIGOROUSLY WITH HIS OWN ASH STICK."

with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewr'ly belonged to the lady you want, the matter is beyond a doubt."

"Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did you find it?"

"It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulong, but after that I thought I had learnt all you would care to know."

There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept silence.

"Why not have pursued your inquiries past Boulong?" I asked.

"For this reason, sir. I had learnt enough.

The theory I had concocted was the right one after all. The lady went to Edinburgh alone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone, nor she didn't leave London alone, nor she didn't stay at Folkestone—where I found the pin—alone, nor she didn't go to Boulong alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she was, as they lived like man and wife."

Whether the fellow was right or mistaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was

true, farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of women. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage with Charles Carriston to fly, whether wed or unwed mattered little, with another man! And yet, she was but a woman. Carriston—or Carr, as she only knew him—was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things have been. Still—

My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharp dragged bodily out of his chair and thrown on the floor, while Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick—a convenient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement. So Carriston seemed to think, for he laid on cheerfully some eight or ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm while Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet, and after collecting his hat and his pocket-book, stood glaring vengefully at his assailant, and rubbing awhile such of the weals on his back as he could reach. Annoyed as I felt at the unprofessional *fracas*, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of any one looking heroic after such a thrashing.

"I'll have the law for this," he growled. "I ain't paid to be beaten by a madman."

"You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbribed you and sent you to tell me your lies. Go to him, tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!"

As Carriston showed signs of re-commencing hostile operations, the man fled as far as the doorway. There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look.

"You'll smart for this," he said: "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic I'll try and get a post as keeper."

I was glad to see that Carriston paid no attention to this parting shaft. He turned his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house.

"Now are you convinced?" asked Carriston, turning to me.

"Convinced of what? That his tale is untrue, or that he has been misled, I am quite certain."

"Tush! That is not worth consideration.

Don't you see that Ralph has done all this? I set that man to watch him; he found out the espionage; suborned my agent or your agent, I should say; sent him here with a trumped-up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me—that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool after all!"

"Without further proof I can not believe that your suspicions are correct," I said; but I must own I spoke with some hesitation.

"Proof! A clever man like you ought to see ample proof in the fact of that wretch having twice called me a madman. I have seen him but once before—you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learnt the word except from Ralph Carriston?"

I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certain doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely-wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be exercised by his cousin.

"I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you are not in your senses."

"Of course he will. What do I care?"

"Only remember this. It is easier to get put into an asylum than to get out of it."

"It is not so very easy for a sane man like myself to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors, surgeons—or, I believe, apothecaries will do—who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take very good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothecaries."

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself, but I again impressed upon him the need of great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was inclined to think, after the affair with the spy, that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into a mad-house.

But after all these days we were not a step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing any thing to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to intrust the whole affair to the police. Again he refused to do so, adding that he was not quite ready. Ready for what, I wondered!

CHAPTER X.

I must confess, in spite of my affection for Carriston, I felt inclined to rebel against the course which matters were taking. I was a prosaic matter-of-fact medical man; doing my work to the best of my ability, and anxious when that work was done that my hours of leisure should be as free from worry and care as possible. With Carriston's advent, several disturbing elements entered into my hitherto quiet life.

Let Ralph Carriston be guilty or innocent of the extraordinary crime which his cousin laid at his door, I felt certain that he was anxious to obtain possession of the supposed lunatic's person. It would suit his purposes for his cousin to be proved mad. I did not believe that even if the capture was legally effected, Carriston's liberation would be a matter of great difficulty so long as he remained in his present state of mind; so long as I, a doctor of some standing, could go into the witness-box and swear to his sanity. But my old dread was always with me—the dread that any further shock would overturn the balance of his sensitive mind.

So it was that every hour that Carriston was out of my sight was fraught with anxiety. If Ralph Carriston was really as unscrupulous as my friend supposed; if he had really, as seemed almost probable, suborned our agent; he might by some crafty trick obtain the needful certificate, and some day I should come home and find Carriston had been removed. In such a case I foresaw great trouble and distress.

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was not mad. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him.

After dismissing his visions and hallucinations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and was still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort toward finding her, was in itself *prima facie* evidence of insanity. A sane man would at once have set all the engines of detection at work.

I felt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out a strong case in his own favor. First of all, the proposed marriage out of the defendant's own sphere of life; the passing under a false name,

the ridiculous, or apparently ridiculous, accusation made against his kinsman; the murderous threats, the chastisement of his own paid agent who brought him a report which might not seem at all untrue to any one who knew not Madeline Rowan. Leaving out of the question what might be wrung from me in cross-examination, Ralph Carriston had a strong case, and I knew that, once in his power, my friend might possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his whole life, under restraint. So I was anxious, very anxious.

And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to that which prevailed on Carriston's account, as to the fate of Madeline. Granting, for sake of argument, that Carriston's absurd conviction that no bodily harm had as yet been done her was true, I felt sure that she, with her scarcely less sensitive nature, must feel the separation from her lover as much as he himself felt the separation from her. Once or twice I tried to comfort myself with cynicism—tried to persuade myself that a young woman could not in our days be spirited away—that she had gone by her own free will—that there was a man who had at the eleventh hour alienated her affections from Carriston. But I could not bring myself to believe this. So I was placed between the horns of a dilemma.

If Madeline had not fled of her own free will, some one must have taken her away, and if so our agent's report was a coined one, and if a coined one, issued at Ralph's instance; therefore, Ralph must be the prime actor in the mystery.

But in sober moments such a deduction seemed an utter absurdity.

Although I have said that Carriston was doing nothing toward clearing up the mystery, I wrong him in so saying. After his own erratic way, he was at work. At such work, too! I really lost all patience with him.

He shut himself up in his room, out of which he scarcely stirred for three days. By that time he had completed a large and beautiful drawing of his imaginary man. This he took to a well-known photographer's, and ordered several hundred small photographs of it to be prepared as soon as possible. The minute description which he had given me of his fanciful creation was printed at the foot of each copy. As soon as the first batch of these precious photographs was sent home, to my great joy he did what he should have done days ago: yielded to my wishes, and put the matter into the hands of the police.

I was glad to find that in giving details of what had happened he said nothing about the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph Carriston's proceedings. He did indeed offer an absurdly large reward for the discovery of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the officer in charge of the case a packet of photographs of his phantom man, telling him in the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness had something to do with the disappearance of Miss Rowan. The officer, who thought the portrait was that of a natural being, took his instructions in good faith, although he seemed greatly surprised when he heard that Carriston knew neither the name nor the occupation, in fact, knew nothing concerning the man who was to be sought for. However, as Carriston assured him that finding this man would insure the reward as much as if he found Madeline, the officer readily promised to combine the two tasks, little knowing what waste of time any attempt to perform the latter must be.

Two days after this, Carriston came to me. "I shall leave you to-morrow," he said.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "Why do you leave?"

"I am going to travel about. I have no intention of letting Ralph get hold of me. So I mean to go from place to place until I find Madeline."

"Be careful," I urged.

"I shall be careful enough. I'll take care that no doctors, surgeons, or even apothecaries get on my track. I shall go just as the fit seizes me. If I can't say one day where I shall be the next, it will be impossible for that villain to know."

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if he carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place I did not see how he could plan any thing more like to defeat the intentions with which we credited his cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would sooner or later bring him in contact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been intrusted to the proper persons his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by any one he was to communicate at once with me.

But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man who could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him.

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up as hopeless the combat with his peculiar idiosyncrasy. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell.

During his absence he wrote to me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the slightest clue. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give. I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as his very existence was problematical. It was but a fancy of my friend's, and not worth thinking seriously about. I am not sure but what after hearing this they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice, Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever.

The weeks went by until Christmas was over and the New Year begun; but no sign, word, or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times. She is in the same place—unhappy, but not ill-treated."

Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force.

* * * * *

At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor who played an important part in the drama would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of at second hand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he found himself capable of so doing, to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events which happened in January, 1866; events in which we two were concerned. He has been good enough to comply with my request. His communication follows.

PART II.

TOLD BY RICHARD FENTON, OF FRENCHAY,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ESQUIRE.

I.

AS my old friend, Phil Brand, has asked me to do this, I suppose I must—Brand is a right good fellow and a clever fellow, but has plenty of crochets of his own. The worst I know of him is that he insists upon having his own way with people. With those who differ from him he is as obstinate as a mule. Anyhow, he has always had his own way with me. This custom, so far as I am concerned, commenced years ago, when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to shake off the bad habit of giving in to him. He has promised to see that my Queen's English is presentable; for, to tell the truth, I am more at home across country than across foolscap, and my fingers know the feeling of the reins or the trigger better than that of the pen.

All the same I hope he won't take too many liberties with my style, bad though it be; for old Brand, at times, is apt to get—well, a bit prosy. To hear him on the subject of hard work and the sanctity thereof approaches the sublime!

What freak took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter is entirely between myself and my conscience. The cause, having no bearing upon the matters I am asked to tell you about, is no one's business but mine—I will only say that now I would not stay in such a place at such a time of the year for the sake of the prettiest girl in the world, let alone the bare chance of meeting her once or twice. But one's ideas change. I am now a good bit older, ride some two stone heavier, and have been married ever so many years. Perhaps, after all, as I look back I can find some excuse for being such an ass as to endure for more than a fortnight all the discomforts heaped upon me in that little village inn.

A man who sojourns in such a hole as Midcombe must give some reason for doing so. My ostensible reason was hunting. I had a horse with me, and a second-rate subscription pack of slow-going mongrels did meet somewhere in the neighborhood, so no one could gainsay my explanation. But if hunting was my object, I got precious little of it. A few days after my arrival a bitter, biting frost set in—a frost as black as your hat, and as hard as nails. Yet still I stayed on.

From private information received—no matter how, when, or where—I knew that some people in the neighborhood had organized a party to go skating on a certain day at Lilymere, a fine sheet of water some distance from Midcombe. I guessed that some one whom I particularly desired to meet would be there, and as the skating at Lilymere was free to any one who chose to take the trouble of getting to such an out-of-the-way place, I hired a horse and an apology for a dog-cart, and at ten in the morning started to drive the twelve miles to the pond. I took no one with me. I had been to Lilymere once before, in bright summer weather, so fancied I knew the way well enough.

The sky when I started was cloudy; the wind was chopping round in a way which made the effete, rustic old ostler predict a change of weather. He was right. Before I had driven two miles light snow began to fall, and by the time I reached a wretched little wayside inn, about a mile from the mere, a film of white covered the whole country. I stabled my horse as well as I could, then, taking my skates with me, walked down to the pond.

Now, whether I had mistaken the day, or whether the threatening fall of snow had made certain people change their minds, I don't know; but, to my annoyance and vexation, no skaters were to be seen, and, moreover, the uncut, white surface told me that none had been on the pond that morning. Still, hoping they might come in spite of the weather, I put on my skates and went outside-edging and grapevining all over the place. But as there was no person in particular—in fact, no one at all—to note my powers, I soon got tired. It was, indeed, dreary, dreary work. But I waited and hoped until the snow came down so fast and furiously that I felt sure that waiting was in vain, and that I had driven to Lilymere for nothing.

Back I went to the little inn; utterly disgusted with things in general, and feeling that to break some one's head would be a relief to me in my present state of mind. Of course, a sensible man would at once have got his horse between the shafts and driven home. But, whatever I may be now, in those days I was not a sensible man—Brand will, I know, cordially indorse this remark—the accommodation of the inn was not such as to induce one to linger within its precincts; but the fire was a right good one, and a drink, which I skillfully manufactured out of some hot beer, not to be despised, and proved warming to the body and

soothing to the ruffled temper. So I lingered over the big fire until I began to feel hungry, and upon the landlady assuring me that she could cook a rasher, decided it would be wiser to stay where I was until the violence of the snow-storm was over; for coming down it was now, and no mistake!

And it kept on coming down. About half-past three, when I sorrowfully decided I was bound to make a move, it was snowing faster than ever. I harnessed my horse, and laughing at the old woman's dismal prophecy that I should never get to Midcombe in such weather, gathered up the reins, and away I went along the white road.

I thought I knew the way well enough. In fact, I had always prided myself upon remembering any road once driven over by me; but does any one who has not tried it really know how a heavy fall of snow changes the aspect of the country, and makes landmarks snares and delusions? I learnt all about it then, once and for all. I found, also, that the snow lay much deeper than I thought could possibly be in so short a time, and it still fell in a manner almost blinding. Yet I went on bravely and merrily for some miles. Then came a bit of uncertainty—

Which of those two roads was the right one? This one, of course—no, the other. There was no house near; no one was likely to be passing in such weather, so I was left to exercise my free, unbiased choice, a privilege I would willingly have dispensed with. However, I made the best selection I could, and followed it for some two miles. Then I began to grow doubtful, and soon persuading myself that I was on the wrong track, retraced my steps. I was by this time something like a huge white plaster-of-paris figure, and the snow which had accumulated on the old dog-cart made it run heavier by half-a-ton, more or less. By the time I came to that unlucky junction of roads at which my misfortunes began, it was almost dark; the sky as black as a tarpaulin, yet sending down the white, feathery flakes thicker and faster than ever. I felt inclined to curse my folly in attempting such a drive, at any rate I blamed myself for not having started two or three hours earlier. I'll warrant that steady-going old Brand never had to accuse himself of such foolishness as mine.

Well, I took the other road; went on some way; came to a turning which I seemed to remember; and, not without misgivings, followed it. My misgivings increased when, after

a little while, I found the road grew full of ruts, which the snow and the darkness quite concealed from me until the wheels got into them. Evidently I was wrong again. I was just thinking of making the best of my way out of this rough and unfrequented road, when—there, I don't know how it happened, such things seldom occur to me—a stumble, a fall, on the part of my tired horse, sent me flying over the dash-board, with the only consoling thought that the reins were still in my hand.

Luckily, the snow had made the falling pretty soft. I soon picked myself up and set about estimating damages. With some difficulty I got the horse out of the harness, and then felt free to inspect the dog-cart. Alas! after the manner of the two-wheel kind, whenever a horse thinks fit to fall, one shaft had snapped off like a carrot; so here was I, five miles apparently from any where, in the thick of a blinding snow-storm, left standing helpless beside a jaded horse and a broken cart. I should like to know what Brand would have done under the circumstances.

As for me, I reflected for some minutes—reflection in a snow-storm is weary work. I reasoned, I believe, logically, and at last came to this decision: I would follow the road. If, as I suspected, it was but a cart track, it would probably soon lead to a habitation of some kind. Anyway, I had better try a bit farther. I took hold of the wearied horse, and with snow under my feet, snowflakes whirling round me, and a wind blowing right into my teeth, struggled on.

It was a journey! I think I must have been three-quarters of an hour going about a quarter of a mile. I was just beginning to despair, when I saw a welcome gleam of light. I steered toward it, fondly hoping that my troubles were at an end. I found the light stole through the ill-fitting window-shutters of what seemed, so far as I could make out in the darkness, to be a small farm-house. Tying to a gate the knotted reins by which I had been leading the horse, I staggered up to the door and knocked loudly. Upon my honor, until I leant against that door-post I had no idea how tired I was—until that moment I never suspected that the finding of speedy shelter meant absolutely saving my life. Covered from head to foot with snow, my hat crushed in, I must have been a pitiable object.

No answer came to my first summons. It was only after a second and more imperative application of my heel that the door deigned

to give way a few inches. Through the aperture a woman's voice asked who was there.

"Let me in," I said. "I have missed my way to Midcombe. My horse has fallen. You must give me shelter for the night. Open the door and let me in."

"Shelter! You can't get sheltered here, mister," said a man's gruff voice. "This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off, and go elsewhere."

"But I must come in," I said, astounded at such inhospitality, "I can't go a step further. Open the door at once!"

"You be hanged!" said the man. "'Tis my house, not yours."

"But, you fool, I mean to pay you well for your trouble. Don't you know it means death wandering about on such a night as this? Let me in!"

"You won't come in here," was the brutal and boorish reply. The door closed.

That I was enraged at such incivility may be easily imagined; but if I said I was thoroughly frightened, I believe no one would be surprised. As getting into that house meant simply life or death to me, into that house I determined to get, by door or window, by fair means or by foul. So, as the door closed, I hurled myself against it with all the might I could muster. Although I ride much heavier now than I did then, all my weight at that time was bone and muscle. The violence of my attack tore from the lintel the staple which held the chain; the door went back with a bang, and I fell forward into the house, fully resolved to stay there whether welcome or unwelcome.

CHAPTER II.

The door through which I had burst like a battering-ram opened straight into a sort of kitchen, so, although I entered in a most undignified way, in fact on my hands and knees, I was well established in the center of the room before the man and woman emerged from behind the door, where my successful assault had thrown them. I stood up and faced them. They were a couple of ordinary, respectably-attired country people. The man, a sturdy, strong-built, bull-necked rascal, stood scowling at me, and, I concluded, making up his mind as to what course to pursue.

"My good people," I said, "you are behaving in the most unheard-of manner. Can't you understand that I mean to pay you well for any trouble I give you? But whether you

like it or not, here I stay to-night. To turn me out would be sheer murder."

So saying, I pulled off my overcoat, and began shaking the snow out of my whiskers.

I dare say my determined attitude, my respectable as well as my muscular appearance impressed my unwilling hosts. Anyway, they gave in without more ado. While the woman shut the door, through which the snowflakes were whirling, the man said, sullenly:

"Well, you'll have to spend the night on a chair. We've no beds here for strangers. 'Specially those as ain't wanted."

"Very well, my friend. Having settled the matter, you may as well make yourself pleasant. Go out and put my horse under cover, and give him a feed of some sort—make a mash if you can."

After giving the woman a quick glance as of warning, my scowling host lit a horn lantern and went on the errand I suggested. I gladly sank into a chair and warmed myself before a cheerful fire. The prospect of spending the night amid such discomfort was not alluring, but I had, at least, a roof over my head.

As a rule, the more churlish the nature, the more avaricious it is found to be. My promise of liberal remuneration was, after all, not without its effect upon the strange couple whose refusal to afford me refuge had so nearly endangered my life. They condescended to get me some tea and rough food. After I had disposed of all that, the man produced a bottle of gin. We filled our glasses, and then, with the aid of my pipe, I settled down to make the best of a night spent in a hard, wooden chair.

I had come across strange people in my travels, but I have no hesitation in saying that my host was the sullenest, sulkiest, most boorish specimen of human nature I had as yet met with. In spite of his recent ill-treatment of me, I was quite ready to establish matters on a friendly footing, and made several attempts to draw him into conversation. The brute would only answer in monosyllables, or often not answer at all. So I gave up talking as a bad job, and sat in silence, smoking and looking into the fire, thinking a good deal, it may be, of some one I should have met that morning at Lilymere, had the wretched snow but kept off.

The long clock—that cumbrous eight-day machine which inevitably occupies one corner of every cottager's kitchen—struck nine. The woman rose and left us. I concluded she was

going to bed. If so, I envied her. Her husband shows no signs of retiring. He still sat over the fire, opposite me. By this time I was dreadfully tired; every bone in my body ached. The hard chair which, an hour or two ago, seemed all I could desire, now scarcely came up to my ideas of the comfort I was justly entitled to claim. My sulky companion had been drinking silently but steadily. Perhaps the liquor he had poured into himself might have rendered his frame of mind more pleasant and amenable to reason.

"My good fellow," I said, "your chairs are excellent ones of the kind, but deucedly uncomfortable. I am horribly tired. If the resources of your establishment can't furnish a bed for me to sleep in, couldn't you find a mattress or something to lay down before the fire?"

"You've got all you'll get to-night," he answered, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Oh, but I say!"

"So do I say. I say this: If you don't like it, you can leave it. We didn't ask you to come."

"You infernal beast!" I muttered, and meant it, too; I declare, had I not been so utterly worn out, I would have had that bullet-headed ruffian up for a few rounds on his own kitchen floor, and tried to knock him into a more amiable frame of mind.

"Never mind," I said; "but, remember, civility costs nothing, and often gets reward. However, if you wish to retire to your own couch, don't let your native politeness stand in your way. Pray don't hesitate on my account. Leave plenty of fuel, and I shall manage until the morning."

"Where you stay, I stay," he answered. Then he filled his pipe, and once more relapsed into stony silence.

I bothered about him no more. I dozed off for a few minutes—dozed off again for some hours. I was in an uncomfortable sort of half sleep, crammed full of curious dreams—dreams from which I started, wondering where I was and how I got there. I even began to grow nervous. All sorts of horrible travelers' tales ran through my head. It was in just such places as this that unsuspecting voyagers were stated to have been murdered and robbed by just such unmitigated ruffians as my host—I can tell you that, altogether, I spent a most unpleasant night.

To make matters worse and more dismal, the storm still raged outside. The wind moaned

through the trees, but it had again changed, and I knew from the sound on the window-panes that heavy rain had succeeded snow. As the big drops of water found their way down the large, old-fashioned chimney, the fire hissed and spluttered like a spiteful vixen. Every thing combined to deprive me of what dog's sleep I could, by sheer persistency, snatch.

I think I tried every position which an ordinary man, not an acrobat, is capable of adopting with the assistance of a common wooden chair. I even lay down on the hard flags. I actually tried the table. I propped up the upper half of my body against the corner walls of the room; but found no rest. At last I gave up all idea of sleeping, and fully aroused myself. I comforted myself by saying that my misery was only temporary—that the longest night must come to an end.

My companion had by now succumbed to fatigue, or to the combined effects of fatigue and gin-and-water. His head was hanging sideways, and he slept in a most uncomfortable attitude. I chuckled as I looked at him, feeling quite sure that if such a clod was capable of dreaming at all, his dreams must be worse even than mine. I filled another pipe, poked the smoldering logs into a blaze, and sat almost nose and knees over the fire, finding some amusement in speculating upon the condition of the churl before me, and thanking the Lord I was not like unto this man. Suddenly an idea flashed across me.

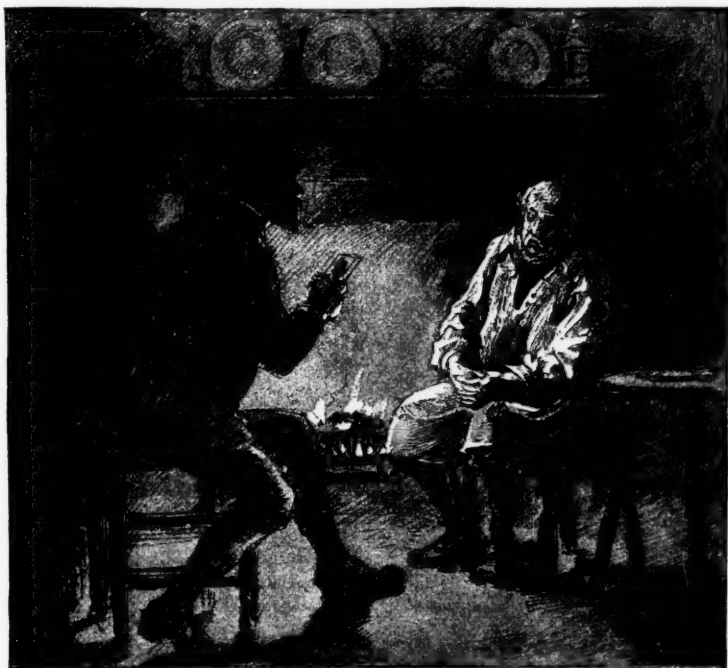
I had seen this fellow before. But when or where I could not remember. His features, as I looked at them with keener interest, seemed to grow more and more familiar to me. Where could I have met him? Somewhere or other, but where? I racked my brain to associate him with some scene, some event. Although he was but an ordinary countryman, such as one sees scores of in a day's ride, only differing from his kind on account of his unpleasant face, I felt sure we were old acquaintances. When he awoke for a moment and changed his strained attitude, my feeling grew stronger and stronger. Yet puzzle and puzzle as I would, I could not call to mind a former encounter; so at last I began to think the supposed recognition was pure fancy on my part.

Having smoked out several pipes, I thought that a cigar would be a slight break to the monotony of the night's proceedings. So I

drew out my case and looked at its contents. Among the weeds was one of a lighter color than the others. As I took it out I said to myself, "Why, old Brand gave me that one when I was last at his house." Curiously enough, that cigar was the missing link in the chain of my memory. As I held it in my hand I knew at once why my host's ugly face seemed familiar to me.

About a fortnight before, being in town, I

had spent the evening with the doctor. He was not alone, and I was introduced to a tall, pale, young man named Carriston. He was a pleasant, polite young fellow, although not much in my line. At first I judged him to be a would-be poet of the fashionable, miserable school; but finding that he and Brand talked so much about art, I eventually decided that he was one of the doctor's many artist friends. Art is a hobby he hacks



SHADING THE PHOTOGRAPH WITH ONE HAND, I CAREFULLY COMPARED IT WITH THE SLEEPER.

about on grandly. (Mem. Brand's own attempts at pictures are simply atrocious!)

Just before I left, the doctor's back being turned, Carriston asked me to step into another room. There he showed me the portrait of a man. It seemed very cleverly drawn, and I presumed he wanted me to criticise it.

"I am a precious bad judge," I said.

"I am not asking you to pass an opinion," said Carriston. "I want to beg a favor of you. I am almost ashamed to beg it on so short an acquaintance."

He appeared modest, and not in want of money, so I encouraged him to proceed.

"I heard you say you were going into the country," he resumed. "I want to ask you if, by any chance, you should meet the original of that drawing, to telegraph at once to Dr. Brand."

"Whereabouts does he live?"

"I have no idea. If chance throws him in your way, please do as I ask."

"Certainly I will," I said, seeing the young man made the request in solemn earnest.

He thanked me, and then gave me a small photograph of the picture. This photograph he begged me to keep in my pocket-book, so that I might refer to it in case I met the

man he wanted. I put it there, went my way, and, am sorry to say, forgot all about it. Had it not been for the strange cigar in my case bringing back Carriston's unusual request to my mind, the probabilities are that I should not have thought again of the matter. Now, by a remarkable coincidence, I was spending the night with the very man who, so far as my memory served me, must have sat for the portrait shown me at Brand's house.

"I wonder what I did with the photo," I said. I turned out my letter-case. There it was, right enough! Shading it with one hand I carefully compared it with the sleeper.

Not a doubt about it! So far as a photograph taken from a picture can go, it was the man himself. The same ragged beard, the same coarse features, the same surly look. Young Carriston was evidently a wonderful

hand at knocking off a likeness. Moreover, in case I had felt any doubt on the matter, a printed note at the bottom of the photograph said that one joint was missing from a right hand finger. Sure enough, my friend lacked that small portion of his misbegotten frame.

This discovery threw me in an ecstasy of delight. I laughed so loudly that I almost awoke the ruffian. I guessed I was going to take a glorious revenge for all the discomforts I had suffered. No one, I felt sure, could be looking for such a fellow as this to do any good to him. I was quite happy in the thought, and for the remainder of the night gloated over the idea of putting a spoke in the wheel of one who had been within an ace of causing my death. I resolved, the moment I got back to civilization, to send the desired intelligence to Brand, and hope for the best.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRAGG'S INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE order issued by General Bragg, early on the morning of the 7th, for concentration of all his forces in front of Lexington, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, and which was not put in full operation, reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT No. 2. }
HARRODSBURG, October 7, 1862. }

CIRCULAR, No. 3.

Confidential: I. Cheatham's division will move forward to-night to Withers' position, and both divisions of the right wing (Withers' and Cheatham's) will move to-morrow to Lawrenceburg, thence to Versailles, and to follow General E. Kirby Smith's command.

II. General E. Kirby Smith's command will move to-morrow to Versailles, throwing a division toward Frankfort. Allstone's cavalry, now at Salvisa, will cover Cheatham's movement, reporting to Major-General Cheatham.

III. Major-General Hardee, commanding left wing Army of the Mississippi, will follow these movements as circumstances allow.

By command of General Bragg.

GEORGE W. BENT,
Chief of Staff and A. A. G.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL POLK,
Commanding Army of the Mississippi.

At the moment General Bragg was issuing this order the Army of the Ohio was resuming its march to concentrate on Perryville. Gilbert's corps being in the lead in the camp at

Springfield, continued to keep the Perryville pike, while Crittenden's corps was sent off to the right to take the Lebanon and Danville pike, which ran within four miles of Perryville. Gilbert's corps thus became the center, and Crittenden's the right wing. General Buell and his headquarters marched with Gilbert's corps. General Thomas continued with Crittenden's. General McCook's route was changed from Harrodsburg to Perryville. This was in consequence of General Buell having learned, after leaving Bardstown, that General Smith had crossed to the west side of the Kentucky River at Salvisa with his forces, and that the enemy was moving to concentrate either at Harrodsburg or at Perryville. General Buell's information was not correct, as is evident from General Bragg's order. The Union army was marching to concentrate against Perryville, where was the left of the Confederate line, and the Confederate forces were under orders to march away from that place to concentrate at Versailles, against the left of the Union line. Later General Bragg became impressed with the belief that the Army of the Ohio was extended over a front of sixty miles; that its right was near Lebanon, that the left, consisting of two corps, occupied the country from Maxville to Frankfort,

and that there was a corps in front of Perryville. With this impression on his mind, General Bragg conceived the idea of attacking in detail the separate masses of the Union forces, and fixed upon the corps in front of Perryville as the one with which to begin. Accordingly, General Polk was ordered to take Cheat-ham's division of his corps, which had not yet started for the rendezvous at Versailles, and join Hardee at Perryville, assume the command, and without loss of time rout the enemy there, and then face about and move rapidly to join General Smith.

The remaining division of his corps (Withers'), when the movement to Perryville was ordered, was on the way to join General Smith near Frankfort, and was not included in the order to go to Perryville, but, on the other hand, was directed to continue on to Lawrenceburg, and thence to Versailles. We thus have Polk's corps divided on the eve of battle, its two divisions marching in precisely opposite directions.

General Smith, during this day, had been making repeated applications for reinforcements, in the belief that the enemy was in strong force in his immediate front. How much General Smith was mistaken we can understand when we observe that eight of the ten divisions of the Army of the Ohio were marching on Perryville, and on the morning of the 7th two entire corps were east of the town of Springfield, and within twelve miles of Perryville, while two of the divisions of the remaining corps were between Bloomfield and Harrodsburg, distant from Perryville about twenty-five miles. Smith had in front of him only Sill and Dumont. As for General Bragg's supposed line of sixty miles, we shorten it by a half, and place two entire corps in a body at Springfield, instead of from Maxville to Frankfort. The heaviest end of this line was not its left, but its right, precisely the reverse of General Bragg's belief in regard to it.

The march of Gilbert's corps, now the center, was vigorously resisted by Wheeler's cavalry, the rearguard of Hardee's column, giving rise to a continuous skirmish in which there was much noise of artillery. On this day in the center corps Mitchell had the lead, Schoepf came next, and Sheridan brought up the rear. About two in the afternoon, when the head of the column was nearing Doctor's Creek, a tributary of the Chaplin Fork of Salt River, the enemy was observed lining the crest of the ridge on the farther side of the creek, in force,

this with the intention of disputing the few pools of water which lay in the nearly dry bed of the stream. The excessive drought which had for months prevailed in this part of the State had reduced the streams to a mere series of pools; running water was altogether the exception.

The display at this point was sufficiently formidable to justify some preparation in response. Accordingly, General Buell, who was present, took the direction of affairs, and had General Mitchell form in order of battle across the road and over some high ground to the right. When Schoepf came up he was ordered to mass his division to the left of the road, to the rear of Mitchell's division, and to stand in reserve. Soon Sheridan came up. He was ordered to continue on and go into position to the front and left of Mitchell, for, by this time, with the assistance of two regiments from Mitchell and a section of artillery, Captain Gay had succeeded in dislodging Wheeler from the ridge bordering the stream, and in pressing him back toward the town. This engagement, in which Colonel Greusel with his brigade (one of the brigades of Sheridan's division) and Barnett's battery took a leading part, was prolonged far into the night, and resulted in driving the enemy from some commanding ground on the ridge to the right of Doctor's Creek, and the occupation of the ground over to the Danville road, thus covering the right and front of the camp. On the same ridge, farther to the left and at the end of this range of heights, is found the commanding point which Colonel Daniel McCook was ordered forward shortly before daybreak to seize and hold, to cover the pools of water in the bed of Doctor's Creek, as they were the sole reliance of the army for water, for the enemy held Chaplin River, in which was found the only other water in the country in sufficient quantity for the supply of a large body of men and animals. These movements and combats were possible during the night, for the moon was near its full, and although well shorn of her rays by the dust from two great armies marching over the same road, yet there was light sufficient for the continuation of the engagement begun in the afternoon until after ten o'clock.

Satisfied that a stand would be made at Perryville, General Buell sent orders to General Thomas and to General McCook to march early and join the center corps for an attack upon the place. Copies of these orders are given in full.

BRAGG'S INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

October 7th—7 P. M.

TO GENERAL THOMAS:

General: The Third corps (Gilbert's) is within three and one half miles of Perryville, the cavalry being nearer, perhaps two and a half miles. From all information received to-day, it is thought the enemy will resist our advance into Perryville.

They are said to have a strong force in and around the place. We expect to attack and carry the place to-morrow. March at 3 o'clock precisely to-morrow morning without fail, and, if possible, get all the canteens filled, and have all the men cautioned to use water in the most sparing manner. Every officer must caution his men on this point. Send back every train and animal that is not absolutely necessary with the troops, as they will suffer for water. All the wagons that can must move in the rear of the troops.

The right of Gilbert's corps rests opposite Gordon's place—which is on the Lebanon pike, and from Gordon's to Gilbert's right is about two to two and a quarter miles. When the two corps get up to that vicinity, that is to say, three or three and a half miles from town, let the front be halted and put in order of battle, and the whole column closed up, and the men allowed to rest in position and made as comfortable as possible, but not allowed to scatter. The commander of the corps must then immediately have the front reconnoitered, and gain all the information he can of the position of the enemy, and also of the nature of the country in his front. This must be done by inquiring of the inhabitants, and by personal examination of officers and by reconnoissance.

When the column has got into position you will please report at these headquarters, with all the information you may have been able to obtain, and instructions for further movements will be given. Send orderlies back with bearer to learn where your headquarters are. All the usual precautions must be taken, and preparations made for action. There is no water near us, and we expect but little until we get it at Perryville.

Nothing has been heard from you since we parted this morning. Respectfully, etc.,

JAMES B. FRY,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

October 7th—8 P. M.

TO GENERAL MCCOOK:

General: The Third corps (Gilbert's) is within three and a half miles of Perryville, the cavalry being nearer—probably within two and a half miles. From all information gained to-day, it seems probable that the enemy will resist our advance into the town. They will have a strong force in and near the place. There is no water here, and we will get but little, if any, until we get at Perryville. We expect to attack and carry the place to-morrow. *March at 3 o'clock precisely to-morrow morning* without fail, and move until the head of your column gets within about three or three and a half miles of Perryville; that is to say, until you are abreast the Third corps. The left of this corps rests near Bottom's place. Perhaps Captain Williams, Jackson's cavalry, will know where it is. From the point of the road Gilbert is now on, across direct to your road, is about two and a half miles. When the head of your column gets to the vicinity designated (three or three and a half miles from the town), halt and form in order of battle, and let the rear close well up; then let the men rest in position and be made as comfortable as possible, but do not permit them to scatter. Have the country on

your front examined, a reconnoissance made, and collect all the information possible in regard to the enemy and the roads in your vicinity, and then report in person, as quickly as practicable, to these headquarters. If your men have an opportunity to get water of any kind they must fill their canteens, and the officers must caution them particularly to use it in the most sparing manner. Send to the rear every wagon and animal not required with your column. All the usual precautions must be taken, and preparations made for action. Keep all trains back, except ammunition wagons and ambulances. Nothing has been heard from you to-day. Send orderlies by bearer to learn the locality of these headquarters. The General desires to see Captain Williams, of Jackson's cavalry, by 7 o'clock in the morning, at these headquarters. Respectfully, etc.,

JAMES B. FRY,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

These instructions, it will be observed, are marked with the hours, one of seven and the other of eight in the evening. Two hours earlier than the earliest General Bragg at Harrodsburg was giving General Polk his orders to proceed to Perryville, and without loss of time rout the enemy found there and return to join General Smith, as previously referred to. A copy of this order here follows:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT NO. —, 1
(No. 4.) HARRODSBURG, October 7th, 5 P. M. }

General: In view of the news from Hardee, you had better move with Cheatham's division to his support, and give the enemy battle immediately. Rout him, and then move to our support at Versailles. Smith moves forward to-day in that direction, and I wish Withers to march to-night toward Lawrenceburg, crossing thence to-morrow to Versailles, and follow Smith up and report to him. His wagon-train, except the ammunition and ordnance, had better cross at McCown's, turning off at Salvisa. No time should be lost in these movements. I shall follow Smith.

Respectfully and truly yours,
BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

TO GENERAL POLK.

In pursuance of this order, General Polk arrived at Perryville with Cheatham's division before midnight, and the troops were placed in line of battle by Hardee.

General Polk had not been gone long when General Bragg received information which indicated that no attack could be made on General Smith's command next day, and he then changed his purpose of going to join him, as mentioned in his note of 5 P.M., for that of going to Perryville.

From unofficial sources, General Bragg began to fear that he had been under serious misapprehensions as to the strength of the Union forces in front of Perryville. Also he was apprehensive of short rations at Bryantsville, for but two days' supplies had as yet reached there.

That night, while General Bragg was suffering from grave doubts and fears, and in his perplexity dividing his forces between the extremities of a long line, at the headquarters of the Union army all seemed to be going on well. But as morning approached, and it was known that the flank corps would be late in coming into position, disappointment and anxiety made themselves felt. It was known that the enemy had been concentrating in strong force during the night, and General Buell was apprehensive of an attack while the center corps was isolated. Accordingly, he directed General Gilbert to select a strong position and occupy it with the whole of his corps excepting the strongest brigade. That was to be kept entirely aloof from the fight as a final reserve.

Fixing upon S. S. Fry's brigade of Schoepf's division as the one to remain in camp, the remainder of the troops were established in front of the camp along the Perryville pike, with the head of the column (Sheridan's division) holding a commanding point on the ridge near the road, where, after crossing Doctor's Creek, it ascends to the ridge and crosses it on its way to the town about two miles off.

During the night General Sheridan had been directed to send a brigade to occupy this point, to secure the water for the use of the troops, which, as previously mentioned, was found standing in pools at intervals in the bed of the stream.

Colonel Daniel McCook's brigade was the one sent. It moved at 3 A. M., and, after a warm contest, it carried the heights. But the enemy, having been reinforced, returned to retake the position. But in the meantime Barnett's battery arrived to reinforce Colonel McCook, and a sharp fight then ensued, lasting about forty-five minutes, in which artillery was freely used on both sides, Barnett having in full play four guns.

General Bragg, at Harrodsburg, ten miles off, was listening for these guns, but did not hear them. The ground on which this fight took place was at the termination of the ridge, which has been previously mentioned as bordering Doctor's Creek on the right, and as having been held by the enemy so obstinately on the preceding afternoon and evening. The ridge terminates here on account of a small tributary of Doctor's Creek coming in from the south and cutting it, causing the land to fall off east and south, while Doctor's Creek itself cuts quite a deep valley to the west. There was every reason, therefore, why the sound of

the artillery should have had a wide range in the still morning air, and he heard at Harrodsburg, for this point is one of the highest in the country around, and Harrodsburg itself is also on high ground.

The enemy had been driven from these heights in the engagement of the preceding night, but had returned and were found reoccupying them when Colonel McCook arrived in pursuance of his order to secure the position. The affair began at early dawn, and it was nearly 7 o'clock before it was fully over. By this time the order for the whole corps to turn out was in operation. General Sheridan was to move forward the remainder of his division to the position of McCook's brigade, and hold it until the arrival of the flank corps. Mitchell was to move up to within supporting distance of Sheridan, and Schoepf was to keep two of his brigades (Walker's and Stedman's) on the road as a reserve. The remaining brigade (Fry's) was, as previously stated, to remain in camp.

In giving General Gilbert his instructions, General Buell seemed to think that the center corps was going to have a busy time of it, and by about 10 o'clock would, in all probability, be heavily attacked.

General Bragg, at Bardstown, in the mean time was in vain listening for the sound of the engagement, which he had so emphatically ordered to be opened without loss of time. However, he was relieved by a note from General Polk, to the effect that the enemy's pickets had commenced firing at daybreak, and that he would bring on the engagement vigorously. General Bragg waited some time—but still there was no sound of an engagement—he then delayed no longer, and set out for Perryville, where he arrived at 10 o'clock.

In the meantime the troops of the center corps were moving out of their camps and taking their respective positions for the main attack, which it was supposed would come on about 10 o'clock.

As that hour drew near, General Gilbert, in visiting General Sheridan's ground, observed that a part of it was vacant, and that one of his brigades was in march on the road to Perryville, and the remainder were preparing to follow. On inquiry it was discovered that this movement was in consequence of an order which, in transmission, had become changed as to its tenor. General Sheridan was directed to recall the brigade, resume his position, and limit himself to its defense until a general ad-

vance to attack in force should be ordered. To this it was added that General Buell was particularly solicitous that nothing be done to bring on a general engagement until after the junction of the flank corps.

General Sheridan lost no time in re-establishing his division on the ground to which he had been originally assigned. He had barely accomplished it when he was attacked in force and a fight ensued, in which the loss was severe on both sides. It was now 10 o'clock, and General Bragg had arrived on the ground to learn that General Polk had made only the semblance of obeying his orders to attack immediately the corps in front of Perryville and route it. General Polk's note explaining his action is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS A. M., }
(No. 5.) PERRYVILLE, October 8, 1862, 6 A. M. }
General: The enemy seem disposed to press this morning. Their pickets commenced firing at day-break.

Understanding it to be your wish to give battle, we shall do so vigorously. Should we succeed, we will pass to the right, with the view of joining General Kirby Smith. If it should become necessary to fall back, we will do so on Danville and Bryantsville, with a view of uniting with General Smith at that point.

I have directed General Preston Smith to have all the trains belonging to this army, now at Harrodsburg, to be collected and moved out on the road to Bryantsville, and be ready to move, when it should become expedient, on that place.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

L. POLK,
Major-Gen. Commanding A. M.

TO GENERAL BRAGG,
Commanding Department No. 2.

General Smith should cover and protect these wagons should it become necessary.

General Polk's explanation was to the effect that he had determined not to obey the order to attack the center corps of the Union army in its isolated position, but to assume the "defensive offensive."

General Polk had under his command three divisions of infantry, rated at fifteen thousand, two of Hardee's corps (Buckner's and Anderson's), and one of his own (Cheatham's), and two brigades of cavalry. Gilbert's corps, the one in front of Perryville, had on the ground about eighteen thousand infantry and artillery. The cavalry under Gay was probably less by a third than that of the Confederates under Wheeler.

This corps was well officered; it had for division-commanders, Schoepf, R. B. Mitchell, and Sheridan; and for commanders of brigades, S. S. Fry, Stedman, and Carlin, and was

well situated for defense, for the high ridge bordering Doctor's Creek on the right was well fitted for a defensive position, and therefore it is not at all probable that General Polk could have routed it in the summary manner contemplated by his orders.

Had he seriously engaged the center corps of the Union army, it is not at all certain that he could have made any very serious impression on it before the arrival of one of the other corps, and it therefore was, perhaps, a piece of good fortune for the Confederate cause that he made only a semblance of obeying General Bragg's orders, so emphatically given, to seek a battle.

In the mean time the head of General McCook's corps, coming over the Maxville pike, appeared on the high ground marked by Russell's house, due north of Sheridan's position about one mile. This was about 10:30 A. M. Marking out his line of battle, General McCook ordered General Rousseau to form it. Loomis' battery was established on a commanding piece of ground, near Russell's house, and to the left of it. General Rousseau had been previously ordered to send a line of skirmishers to the left and front to examine some wood on the quarter, and Captain Wickliffe, with his company of cavalry, was sent to reconnoiter the ground to the left of this line of skirmishers. At this time there was some light skirmishing going on with Sheridan's division, at the head of the center corps, which was still in column, as previously described; but this soon ceased, and General McCook was satisfied the enemy he found engaging the center corps when he arrived had retired from the field.

The First corps, as previously related, was ordered to march at 3 A. M., but it was 2:30 A. M. before the order reached General McCook. He began his march at 5 A. M. He had with him only Rousseau and Jackson, for Sill had not yet left Frankfort. Rousseau's division had the lead, but when it arrived only two of the brigades were present—the remaining one, Starkweather's, having been thrown to the rear by the interposition of Jackson's division, which cut it off at Maxville. Without waiting for the arrival of this brigade, General McCook, after giving his assistant adjutant-general particular instructions to post Jackson's two brigades on a commanding piece of ground immediately to the right of the Maxville and Perryville road, and to hold them in column so that they could be moved in any direction as occasion required, turned over the command

to General Rousseau, and galloped off to report to General Buell at his headquarters, on the Springfield pike, in the camp of the center corps, distant about two miles and a half. In the mean time, General Rousseau had been supporting the cavalry under Captain Gay, with a regiment of infantry, the Forty-second Indiana, and some long-range pieces from Loomis' battery, until the enemy in Gay's front disappeared. Waiting about an hour after General McCook had left, General Rousseau concluded to resume the march to Chaplin Creek, distant about a mile to the front, to get water for the men, who were suffering intensely for the want of it. There was a small pool in Doctor's Creek, to the right of Loomis' battery, to which the Forty-second Indiana was directed to obtain a supply, and the main column was then ordered forward.

It was now noon; it was quiet over the entire field, excepting an occasional cannon shot on the line of the cavalry. Since dawn there had been a continual uproar in front of Sheridan, with, however, only two fights, one with Colonel McCook's brigade at dawn, and one with Sheridan's division at about 10 o'clock; all the rest of this uproar and smoke came from shelling the woods and skirmishing with the cavalry. General Carlin, now Colonel of the Fourth infantry, in a recent publication, fitly describes the scene. He was at that time commander of a brigade in Mitchell's division, and was in the second line, and had, in the early period of the day, merely the part of a spectator. This is his description: "The morning of the 8th of October was marked by a bright sun and hazy atmosphere. Away off to our left we could see the head of McCook's column approaching near Chaplin Creek. My position was so commanding that from it we could see over the lower ground in that direction two miles, and I knew that McCook was approaching Perryville, on a road somewhat southeasterly to Perryville. Some artillery firing began, perhaps, as early as 9 o'clock, near Chaplin's Creek. No orders had come to me to be prepared to move into battle, and it seemed strange, in view of Fry's remark and Buell's questions of the day before. It was about 10 o'clock A. M. when the cannonading became quite heavy; soon afterward musketry-firing began, and from that time on, for several hours, each minute seemed to increase the uproar. Up to that time I had not heard such continued firing of artillery, or such incessant volleys of musketry. We could see the smoke

of the battle in and through the woods, but could not see the lines of troops actually engaged. But all the signs and proofs of terrific fighting were visible to us on that high ridge, where both sight and hearing were unobstructed by other ridges, or obstacles to the passage of sound and light. Yet no orders came for us to go in." A part of this description refers to the uproar in Sheridan's front, which had been kept up from break of day until nearly 11 o'clock, and a part to the opening of the battle in the afternoon. The period of quiet which prevailed immediately on the arrival of the flank corps seems to have escaped General Carlin's memory.

The uproar in the morning grew out of the opposition to the center corps when it left its camp to take up its position as the base of formation for the whole army. In all of that noise and smoke there were two short fights, one, Colonel McCook's, at dawn, and the other, Sheridan's, in the same position, at 10 o'clock. The remainder was picket firing, skirmishing, and that harmless cannonading known as shelling the woods. The afternoon noise and smoke meant all that it seemed to be—a most deadly fight. The morning's uproar meant any thing but a battle, for General Polk had been ordered in the most emphatic terms to engage the enemy without loss of time, and had refused to obey the order, while General Buell had in the mean time been willing that there might be unlimited fighting for water, with the restriction, however, that it should not bring on an engagement until after the flank corps had arrived, and arrangements were completed for an advance in force. General Carlin was not ordered to "go in" at this time, because there was nothing for the center corps to do but stand fast. In the afternoon he was ordered to go in, in just the nick of time, viz., when Sheridan needed his assistance. To have sent him over to McCook's corps while the center was threatened would have been poor tactics for a battle presumably of three army corps on a side, and covering a field more than three miles long.

About half past 11 o'clock, Colonel Mack, Inspector-General on the staff of General Thomas, reported to General Gilbert with the information that Crittenden's corps was near at hand on the right, and requested to be informed as to the position of the center corps. He was shown Sheridan's position as the base of formation with the information that when the center corps should be deployed in line, as it soon would be, the deployment would be

made to the right, and the probable ground it would occupy was pointed out. Colonel Mack was then conducted back toward the camp, and the reserve of the ridge on which it was proposed to form the line was shown him. Being now near general headquarters, General Gilbert parted from Colonel Mack with some explanation as to the significance of the excessive artillery-firing of the morning, and went to report to General Buell. General McCook had made his report and had just left the camp of general headquarters. He was going to reconnoiter for water, and seemed to anticipate opposition, such as the center corps had found on the preceding day. General Gilbert now ordered the headquarters of the center troops forward to the crossing of Doctor's Creek, and the troops were put in motion to the front, to be established in their respective places in order of battle, to the right of Sheridan.

When General Sheridan repulsed the enemy who had assailed him in the morning, he pursued them through the belt of timber in his front, under the cover of which the attack had been made. Here he posted a detachment to watch this avenue of approach to his position;

it consisted of six regiments and a battery (Hiscock's), which infiltrated the enemy's batteries beyond the creek to his left. These were the batteries which the Confederates had established to cover the ground over which their column of infantry was to move in the contemplated assault on the right of McCook's corps. The enemy established a battery at short range to drive Hiscock's battery away, but Hiscock dislodged it in ten minutes' firing. Later the Confederates placed two batteries on Sheridan's right and front, and began to concentrate troops behind them. In the mean time General McCook's corps made its appearance, and the enemy began to open on it.

The head of Crittenden's corps now arrived on the line, coming over the Danville pike, and began to deploy and cover its ground in line of battle.

All thought of an advance in force had at this time been dismissed, and in the Union lines there appeared to be no other signs of activity than are incident to the deployment of large bodies of troops covered by the cavalry well in advance. All seemed to be waiting the events of the coming day.

C. C. Gilbert.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

THE battle of Gettysburg was an accident. On Wednesday morning, July 1st, neither General Lee or Meade could have foreseen that before night a great battle would be fought. Although the order for concentration had been issued at Chambersburg on Monday night, June 29th, by the commanding General, yet, as a matter of fact, neither army was thought to be sufficiently concentrated to justify an expected engagement on Wednesday following.

On the morning of the battle, Generals Lee and Longstreet left their headquarters, at Greenwood, west of the mountain, and rode down the pike together toward Gettysburg. After riding a few miles, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Gettysburg. General Lee was taken by surprise, and, becoming greatly agitated, rode rapidly forward to ascertain the cause of it. General Longstreet, suspecting danger ahead, turned back to attend to the two divisions of his corps that were blocked upon the pike by Ewell's wagon-train. After arranging the details with his two

division commanders, Hood and McLaws, for the immediate transfer of their two divisions to Gettysburg, Longstreet again rode forward and joined General Lee, about 4 o'clock, in the rear of the line of battle, just in time to witness the utter rout and discomfiture of the enemy before the victorious arms of the Confederates.

Hood and McLaws were so completely blocked up by Ewell's wagon-train, still west of the mountain, that they did not get the road until late in the afternoon. McLaws' division reached Marsh Creek, about five miles from Gettysburg, a little after dark, and Hood's division joined their comrades at Marsh Creek about 12 o'clock at night. The artillery did not arrive for two hours after Hood. When, therefore, the battle opened on Wednesday morning, General Lee was at Greenwood, west of the mountain, twenty miles from the scene of action, and General Meade, the Federal commander, was at Taneytown, thirteen miles south of Gettysburg.

Neither of the commanding generals was aware of the events transpiring in his front. The wind, however, being in the direction of Chambersburg, the firing was distinctly heard by General Lee, but the artillery was not heard at Taneytown by the Federal commander.

On Wednesday morning, July the 1st, Heth's division was posted on the Chambersburg road, in the vicinity of Marsh Creek and Cashtown, a distance of about six miles from Gettysburg. General Pettigrew, of Heth's division, had been near the town with his brigade the day before, and had advanced as far as the Seminary Ridge on the edge of the town. On Tuesday noon, about an hour after Pettigrew left Seminary Ridge for Cashtown, General Buford reached Gettysburg with six thousand cavalry from Middleburg. He was on Seminary Ridge in time to witness the retiring force of Pettigrew.

Buford dismounted some of his cavalry and picketed the Chambersburg pike to a point beyond Willoughby's Run, a distance of about two miles from the town. The main command of Buford was posted near the farm-house of Honorable Edward McPherson. This was the only force at Gettysburg when Heth's division broke up its encampment at Cashtown and Marsh Creek on Wednesday morning, July the 1st. In fact neither Hill or Heth thought there was any force at Gettysburg, except, perhaps, a small detachment of cavalry for observation. Both General Lee and A. P. Hill thought that Buford was still at Middleburg.

The division of General Heth, of A. P. Hill's corps, which begun the battle of Gettysburg, was composed of four brigades, as follows: Archer's Tennessee brigade, Davis' Mississippi brigade, Pettigrew's North Carolina brigade, and Brockenbrough's Virginia brigade. Archer's Tennessee brigade was composed of the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee regiments, Thirteenth Alabama and Fifth Alabama battalion. In marching down the Chambersburg pike on Wednesday morning to Gettysburg, Archer's Tennessee brigade was in the advance. Willoughby's Run crosses the Chambersburg pike about a mile and a half from town, and runs south toward the Emmitsburg road. Now, as Archer's men were marching on toward the town, nothing transpired until they came within two miles of the town, when the pickets of General Buford's dismounted cavalry were first seen along the road, and to the right and left of it, by the Seventh Tennessee regiment.

The Fifth Alabama battalion was deployed

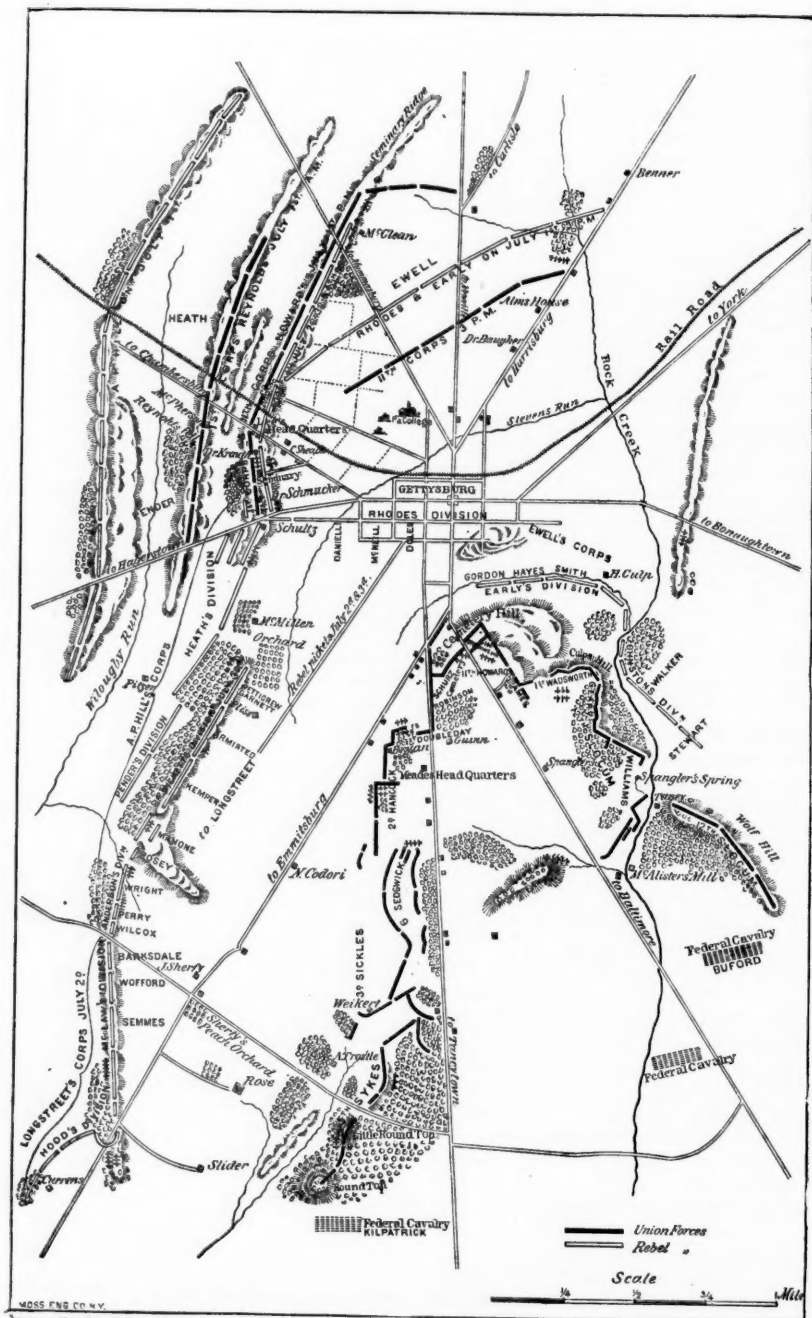
at once to the right of the Chambersburg pike as skirmishers. General Archer with his brigade now formed in the rear of his skirmish line. At the same time Davis' Mississippi brigade formed in line on the left of the pike, and, moving forward in this order, Archer's men pushed in Buford's pickets for a half a mile or more, when the pickets suddenly disappeared, and the advance division of Reynolds' corps loomed into view.

This advance force of Reynolds were the two brigades of Wardsworth's division, commanded by Cutler and Meridith. This force, when first seen by Archer's men, seemed to be in some confusion, and were apparently getting into position. General Wardsworth took three regiments of Cutler's brigade, with a battery, and placed them to the Federal right of the Chambersburg road, and between the road and an unfinished railroad cut which ran parallel with the turnpike into town. This force was directly in front of Davis' Mississippi brigade, who held Heth's left. The remainder of Reynolds' force, composed of the two remaining regiments of Cutler's brigade and all of Meridith's brigade, was posted to the right of the Chambersburg pike and almost in front of General Archer. He placed Meridith's brigade on our right flank. It was protected by a strip of woods. Archer's men were pushing ahead, and had advanced to near Willoughby's Run when Reynolds' force first came in sight.

Archer now waited some moments, until his artillery came up, when the first gun was fired and the battle of Gettysburg begun. The first man killed on the Confederate side was Henry Raison, Company B, Seventh Tennessee. He fell dead on the skirmish line. The company was commanded by Captain John Allen.

It is a coincidence that Archer's Tennessee brigade, which opened the battle, was the brigade that, in Heth's division, but then commanded by Pettigrew—in what is known as Pickett's charge—burst into the Federal breastworks in front of Hancock's corps with desperate valor. It was the tattered remnant of this same brigade that fought the last battle north of the Potomac, at Falling Waters, on the line of the retreat, when General Pettigrew, then in command of Heth's division, was killed, dying while defending the lives of the sick and wounded of his command, whom the fortunes of war had committed to his care.

As soon as Archer's artillery opened, his command crossed Willoughby's Run, driving



the enemy before them—who were disputing its passage—into a skirt of woods. Here they were again attacked by the Confederates, who moved on rapidly, firing while advancing. General Reynolds, who had placed a brigade on Archer's extreme right, concealed by a wood, seeing a part of Archer's brigade on the east side of the run ordered a charge, and Meridith's brigade swept down on the Confederates rapidly, and those that had crossed the run were captured—probably about two hundred—including General Archer. While this was going on General Reynolds, the Federal commander, while brandishing his sword and issuing orders was observed by one of Heth's sharpshooters, concealed in a tree, who instantly raised his rifle and shot him dead. This took place behind the Seminary and near Willoughby's Run.

After Archer and his men were captured, the remainder of his brigade fell back some distance to a new position and awaited the arrival of Pettigrew and Brockenbrough. At the same time the Fourteenth Brooklyn and Ninety-fifth New York, who had contested the passage of the run, now changed front and attacked Davis' Mississippi brigade who, up to this time, had been driving the three regiments before them on our left. These three regiments retreated down the Chambersburg pike to the eastern slope of Seminary Ridge.

When Davis found himself vigorously attacked in flank his command moved a little further to the left and rushed into an unfinished railroad cut, which extended all along the Chambersburg pike into the town. Now, when these three regiments, who had been driven down the Chambersburg pike by Davis' command, leaving their battery behind them, discovered the position he was in they hastily returned, and joining their former associates surrounded the Mississippians in that plight and captured some six hundred of them.

All these occurrences had taken place by 12 o'clock, or perhaps a little after, and they may properly be considered as the beginning of the Gettysburg conflict.

It will be seen that up to this time only two brigades of Heth's division—Archer's and Davis'—had been engaged with two brigades of Reynolds' corps—Meridith's and Cutler's.

It must be admitted that so far at least the Confederates got the worst of it.

Pettigrew and Brockenbrough having now come up and joined Archer, Heth's division began to move forward, while the division of

General Pender was close at hand and following in support of Heth.

As Heth's command was moving onward General Buford's Federal cavalry appeared on the extreme right of Heth's division. This circumstance induced Heth to move Archer's brigade to the right of his division. As soon as this was done it was discovered that the enemy in front of the Confederates was now re-enforced, the two remaining divisions of Reynolds' corps—Doubleday's and Robinson's—having arrived on the field. The division of General Heth, without a moment's hesitation, rushed forward and attacked the enemy on the spot.

Although the onset of the Confederates was impetuous the Union army contested every inch of the ground with an obstinate and determined courage. They were again attacked by Heth, supported by Pender, and beaten back some distance on "Seminary Ridge." It was now nearly 1 o'clock, and events were in progress that enlarged and greatly intensified this day's conflict.

The Eleventh corps, under General Howard, had left Emmittsburg in the morning, a distance of eleven miles from Gettysburg, and arrived about 1 o'clock upon the field with two divisions of his corps.

This re-enforcement was neutralized by the two divisions of Early and Rhodes, which had encamped during the previous night at Heidlersburg, and left that place the evening of the fight. The distance from Heidlersburg to Gettysburg was nine miles. The divisions of Early and Rhodes broke up this encampment at 10 A. M. and moved forward, Rhodes for Cashtown, Early for Gettysburg. As these two divisions were in the neighborhood of Gettysburg at 12 A. M. they distinctly heard the loud reports of the artillery. Rhodes was ahead of Early, and when he reached a point near the Federal right he halted and formed his division in line of battle in a well-chosen and secluded position. About 12:30 General Early received a message from Rhodes to hurry up, that a battle was in progress.

The writer was attached to Early's division, and when it was announced that a battle was on hand, Hays' Louisiana brigade could scarcely be controlled; they shouted, and, breaking ranks, were about to rush forward, when the influence of Generals Gordon and Hays restored order. The writer and Captain Brockenbrough rode forward to Rhodes, and when we reached him it was about 1 o'clock P. M.

Rhodes had already led an attack on the command that held the Federal right of Reynolds' corps and soon became heavily involved. Some writers have contended that Rhodes did not attack Reynolds' right wing, but waited until Schurz's division got into position and attacked it.

This is a mistake. The writer of this paper was on the ground, and while riding along with Captain Brockenbrough, before we had reached General Rhodes, we could distinctly see the two divisions of Howard's corps getting into position. They seemed to be greatly scattered. A large portion of this force was placed in front of Rhodes, and proved to be the division of General Carl Schurz. The remainder was thrown in Early's front, and was Barlow's division. Schurz's division in front of Rhodes seemed to stand alone on his front, and totally unconnected with Reynolds' right. The writer noticed a wide, open space between Reynolds' right and the new reinforcements under Schurz, and this space extended through the whole line of battle to the enemy's rear.

The Federal force in front of Early's division was in the same order. It did not connect with General Schurz's command, but seemed to stand alone. General Rhodes, therefore, did not open the attack on the Federal reinforcements, but was soon drawn in to attack them also. Some Confederates, who had been captured by Reynolds' force about noon, had just been recaptured by a detachment of Rhodes' men. General Rhodes, seeing this, galloped up rapidly and asked, "Who is in front of the enemy on my right?"

On being told that Heth and Pender were in the enemy's front, he replied, "All right. I'll send word to Heth." He immediately dispatched a courier to Heth, requesting him to press the enemy vigorously in his front. Turning to the writer and Captain Brockenbrough, he said, "I have a message for Early."

He wrote with a pencil on a small slip of paper:

Heth and Pender are in Reynolds' front. I can burst through the enemy in an hour.

RHODES, *Major-General*.

When the writer handed the note to Early he was talking to General Hays. Early read the note hastily, and indorsed on the back of it:

Opened and read by the senior officer on this field.
J. A. EARLY, *Major-General*.

He then wrote across the face of it, "All right, burst through." It was returned to

Rhodes by a courier. It was now nearly 2 o'clock, and when the writer told Early that Howard's corps was in front of him and Rhodes, he laughed and said, "Why, these are the very same chaps that our fellows thrashed and routed at Chancellorsville." Early now began to press the enemy in his front, and, from signs not to be mistaken by a soldier, was satisfied that the utter defeat of the enemy was certain and not far off. The Confederate line extended from Early's division all the way around to the Chambersburg turnpike, a distance of several miles. Heth and Pender held the right of this line, Rhodes the center, and Early the left.

Heth's division was a favorite command with Early's men, for the two divisions had served together in the old "Stonewall corps," and as Early's men heard the thunder of Heth's artillery and saw the clouds of smoke ascend, followed by the sharp, quick rattle of the musketry, they knew that their old comrades were in deadly conflict with the enemy, and pressing him heavily in his front.

General Early now renewed his pressure of Barlow he was giving ground almost without a struggle.

Rhodes was still hammering away on the enemy's front. It was now 3 o'clock, and the Federal army had been driven back from the ground it held when Rhodes first opened on them.

Just here a general shout arose from Rhodes', and it was communicated to the right and left. The division of General Rhodes now rushed forward upon the enemy with a determined fury that nothing could surpass. His command swept every thing before them like a mighty storm, carrying away all within their reach. The right of Reynolds' corps and nearly all of Schurz's division were driven to the edge of the town.

The divisions of Heth and Pender now made one bold dash for the remainder of Reynolds' corps, driving in all before them. Reynolds' men fought Heth most gallantly before the general break, and, even after the break, a portion of this corps fell back in some order, in view of what had happened. This section of Reynolds' old corps retreated around the western outskirts of Gettysburg, and, crossing the Emmittsburg road, fell into line on Cemetery Hill in the rear of General Steinwere.

General Heth's division suffered heavy loss in this attack. Heth himself was wounded and left senseless on the field of battle. In speaking of this very transaction, General

Heth, in his official report, says: "In less than twenty-five minutes, my division lost, in killed and wounded, over twenty-seven hundred men." While these events were transpiring in front of Heth and Pender, General Early ordered his division to advance. It was shortly after Rhodes rushed forward that Early's division attacked General Barlow's command. The very first onset Early's men made, they carried away and drove before them the whole right wing of Barlow's division. General Hays now led an attack on the remainder of Barlow's force, and the scene that followed beggars description. No order was preserved or thought of by the retreating foe. In their flight they threw away their knapsacks to accelerate their escape, Early still pursuing and pushing the disorderly mass before him in wild confusion. A little to the left of Hays' command, a tattered regiment faced to the right and attempted to make a stand. But in a very few moments, overcome by the hopelessness, if not the folly of their position, the greater part turned and fled. Just at this moment a most gallant young officer riding bravely forward, waving his hat and brandishing his sword, cried out, "Don't run, men; none but cowards run."

Some shouted out, "Don't shoot that man, don't shoot him." Several companies swung around with the intention of capturing him and his little band of heroes, when a volley fired from the right struck him, and he tumbled dead from his horse, to fill up the long, sad roll of the unknown.

General Hays, who was near at the time, expressed his deep regret when the gallant hero fell.

It was now after 4 o'clock. Rhodes and Heth, supported by Pender, had pushed Reynolds' corps into the town of Gettysburg. Many of the Eleventh corps, still in Early's front, were surging to and fro, like a ship rocked by a storm. Just as they were on the edge of the town they became dreadfully entangled, in consequence of the streets being blocked up by the confused mass in their front.

Hays' and Gordon's brigades now made a last dash at the enemy, and captured about five thousand men. The wild confusion that prevailed in the ranks of the panic-stricken and disorganized mass of fugitives is indescribable.

General Early's command occupied the town. Hays' brigade moved down the York turnpike

in an easterly direction, about half a mile from town, where a small stream called Rock Creek crosses the pike, pursuing its course due south. At this point Hays' brigades jumped into the field, and rested along the bank of this stream and between it and the town. General Hays, with a number of men, rode forward along the bank of the creek for a quarter of a mile or more. The advance of Reynolds' corps, which Heth and Pender had driven back, were discovered coming over the cemetery, and a portion of them were seen dragging some artillery on the Baltimore pike.

Almost in front of where we now stood was a ridge running southward, ending on the edge of the town, forming a high knob called Culp's Hill. The Baltimore turnpike runs diagonally over the ridge from the main street of Gettysburg. This knob, or Culp's Hill, was where the right wing of the Federal army rested during the two succeeding days, and for the possession of it Ewell's corps fought. When Hays was before it, it could have been taken without a struggle. If that had been done the Union army would have been completely maneuvered out of position and compelled to fall back upon another line of defense. There would have been no further battle of Gettysburg.

As there has been much acrimonious controversy on the question as to why General Early did not advance and occupy Culp's Hill on Wednesday evening, the writer, who was on the spot and witnessed all that passed, will relate what he knows about it. Before we met Hays, Captain Hotchkiss, who saw what was going on, turned to the writer and Captain Brockenbrough, saying, "I will go at once and bring General Early." But when told that General Hays was ahead of us, we rode up to him. The General was watching a force of Federals just then in the cemetery and trying to reach the pike. Hays would have moved his brigade and occupied Culp's Hill had it not been that he and Gordon had received positive orders from General Ewell, through Early, not to advance beyond the town if they should succeed in capturing it.

General Hays sent for Early and pointed to him the importance of moving the whole division on Culp's Hill, and occupying not only it, but the Baltimore pike. General Early then said: "I am satisfied that you are right; it should be occupied on the spot, but I can not disobey orders," and then, turning away from us a few steps said, more to himself than Hays,

"If Jackson were on the field I would act on the spot." General Hays then spoke a few animated words to Early, when the latter said, "You are right, General, you are right. I'll send to Ewell for orders at once." Early's division was now moved so as to support Hays in the occupancy of Culp's Hill as soon as the orders came from Ewell. Moment after moment passed away. They were restless and anxious moments to us, who were watching what was going on in our front. We saw the enemy drag a battery on the pike, followed by a large force, and could see from their movements their intentions. Regiment after regiment crossed the pike and took a good position. They were lined up in short order.

Ewell arrived, but it was now too late. The afternoon was far spent, and Wardsworth's division of Reynolds' corps were on the heights before us in line of battle. These were the same men who opened the battle in the morning at Willoughby's Run. In this state of things it was decided by General Ewell that it was not expedient to attack the enemy. While these things were transpiring, Generals Lee and Longstreet were in the rear of the line of battle.

The question now is, why was not Culp's Hill occupied on Wednesday evening? Where does the responsibility rest for this fatal mistake, the first among the reasons why Lee lost Gettysburg! Fatal as this mistake was, it was followed by others equally disastrous before the battle ended.

General Lee says: "The attack was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of the troops. Orders were sent back to hasten their march, and, in the mean time, every effort was made to ascertain the number and position of the enemy and find the most favorable point of attack."

General Longstreet, in his contributions to the "Annals of the War," page 420, takes us behind the curtain and recites the following incident of General Lee, in the afternoon of that day, which shows, as Longstreet says, that the commanding General was enveloped in doubt and anxiety which seemed to have weighed him down and destroyed his equanimity:

"General Anderson was waiting with his division at Calhoun for orders. About 10 o'clock he received a note from General Lee, stating that he wanted to see him. He found

Lee intently listening to the fire of the guns, and very much disturbed and depressed. At length he said, 'I can not think what has become of Stuart, I ought to have heard from him before now. He may have met with disaster; but I hope not. In the absence of reports from him, I do not know what we have in our front here. It may be the whole Federal army, or it may be only a detachment. If it is the whole Federal force, we must fight a battle here; and, if we do not gain a victory, those defiles and mountain gorges through which we have passed this morning will shelter us from disaster.'

On the evening of July the 1st, General Lee took up his headquarters on the Chambersburg road, about a quarter of a mile from the Seminary, in front of the division of General Heth. The position gave him a full view of Gettysburg, of his own army, and the enemy's line of defense.

In reviewing the results of the first day's work at Gettysburg, it can not be denied that, taken as a whole, it was a severe defeat for the Union army. If the disaster which befell the enemy had been followed up by Early's division at any time between 5 and 7 o'clock, there would have been no further battle.

The loss of the Federal army in killed, wounded, and captured was over ten thousand men. The Confederate loss was a little over five thousand. The division of General Heth alone lost more men in killed and wounded than all the remainder of the Confederate forces.

This, no doubt, was due to the fact that Heth's division, which opened the battle in the morning, had been engaged during the whole fight with Reynolds' veteran troops. All bear testimony to the gallant manner in which Reynolds' corps behaved in the battle.

Even at 3 o'clock, when the order was issued for a general advance of the whole Confederate line, Reynolds' veterans, although falling back before the Confederates, still to a great extent preserved that soldierly bearing in defeat that contrasted strangely with the terror and demoralization that had taken possession of their companions.

The writer, shortly after the battle, conversed with many intelligent Confederates who were in front of Reynolds' corps, and they all bore testimony to the bravery with which his command contested Heth's advance. In speaking of the first day's battle, therefore, the conduct of Reynolds' corps must not be confounded

with the divisions of Schurz and Barlow. Had those two divisions been placed directly in the rear of Reynolds, instead of scattering them all round the northern parts of the town, and had they also stood up to Reynolds' corps like brave men, they might possibly have accomplished something great.

The writer was in Gettysburg during the night until 11 p. m. He had some old acquaintances in the place; and the surrounding country was not unfamiliar to him, for he had, as a boy, spent several years at school at Mount Saint Marys, near Emmittsburg, Maryland, about eight miles from the battle-field.

General Rhodes' division occupied the town, and were to be seen running all over the place, mingling with the citizens. At every corner, and dotted all along the streets, could be seen little groups of "Johnnies" freely conversing and disputing with the citizens, male and female, on the merits of their respective armies, and especially of their officers.

After General Reynolds was shot, early in the action, his horse ran to a clump of trees. Here the General's body was taken in charge by his orderly and a few soldiers, and placed in a small house on the Emmittsburg road.

In the very midst of the battle it was taken charge of by a small group of soldiers and removed to the nearest railroad station, where it was sent by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Here, on the 4th of July, he was buried—the day after the close of the Gettysburg conflict, which he had begun. As the little cortege which conveyed the General's body to the railroad station was passing down the road, it was met a few miles below Gettysburg by General Hancock, then on his way to the field of battle. At Taneytown the cortege stopped again, and the remains were viewed by General Meade, and this was the first reliable information the Federal commander had received that a battle was in progress at Gettysburg. He immediately issued orders to all his corps commanders to repair to Gettysburg and report to General Hancock.

Late at night the writer left the town for his command, and, on reaching the outskirts of the place, General Edward Johnson's division, of Ewell's corps, was just crossing the York pike. Johnson had just arrived from Carlisle, by way of Shippensburg and Greenwood. His division was at once placed on the left of Early's. Ewell's corps was now all up, and completely surrounded the whole right wing of the Federal army, stretching from the Bal-

timore pike, on the edge of the town, to Wolf's Hill and enveloping "Cemetery Hill" and Culp's Hill.

In order to have a distinct idea of the events and operations of the following two days, and to note the time of the arrival of each division, of both the Confederate and Federal forces, and the places assigned them in their respective lines of battle, it is desirable to have a clear idea of the shape of those lines. The Confederate line of battle, stretched in the shape of a curve, and reached from the front of Round Top around Seminary Ridge, enveloping Gettysburg to the York pike, and passing along Rock Creek to Wolf's Hill. On our extreme left the lines were from two hundred yards to a half a mile apart. From Round Top to Wolf's Hill the Confederate line was about four miles in length. The Union line of battle was drawn up directly in front of the Confederate, and posted on high ground. It was somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, the toe of the shoe pointing to Gettysburg and resting on Cemetery Hill, the right side of the shoe running along, inclosing Culp's Hill and Wolf's Hill; the left, which was longer, passed south-westwardly along a succession of ridges, terminating in Little and Big Round Top. The Union line was about two miles in length, and from the town to Round Top the Emmittsburg road extended and divided both armies. The distance between the two lines from the Western part of the town to Round Top was from a third to three fourths of a mile, the Baltimore pike, extending from the Main Street of Gettysburg through the Union line, running parallel with Culp's Hill and Wolf's Hill.

At midnight on Wednesday, July 1st, Ewell's corps was all up, and surrounded Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, and also occupied Gettysburg. Hill's corps took position on Seminary Ridge in the following order: On the left and resting on the Chambersburg pike was Heth's division, next came Pender, and then Anderson. It will be seen that Heth's division rested at night very near the same ground upon which it opened the battle in the morning. With this difference only, at night the division of General Heth was posted to the left of the Chambersburg pike coming into town, whereas, in the morning, when Archer's brigade opened the battle, the division was on the right of the Chambersburg pike. The divisions of Hood and McLaws, of Longstreet's corps, were about three miles from Gettysburg, on or near the Chambersburg pike;

Pickett's division was still at Chambersburg; Imboden's cavalry was on the line between Mercersburg and Chambersburg; the cavalry brigades of Jones, Robertson, and Jenkins were in the Cumberland Valley, between Shippenburg and South Mountain.

The gallant Stuart, with Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton, was on his way from Carlisle to Gettysburg. There was no Confederate cavalry on the field of Gettysburg the first day of the conflict, except Major White's battalion, of Imboden's command, who had been with Early's division to York. On Wednesday night, July 1st, the Eleventh and First Corps—or what was left of them after the battle—took refuge and sought protection on "Cemetery Hill," the First corps on the left, and the Eleventh on the front and center. About midnight General Slocum arrived and posted his command—the Twelfth corps—on "Culp's Hill," directly in front of General Ed. Johnson's division. When Slocum arrived the

whole Federal force cheered lustily; cheer after cheer went up, and they made the air ring with their hurrahs.

Between 1 and 2 A. M., July 2d, General Meade arrived in person, and his appearance on the field, with additional re-enforcements, was the signal for another vociferous demonstration. In almost every direction camp-fires burning brilliantly dotted the hillsides occupied by both armies. Little sleep was taken during the whole night by the soldiers of either army; both were too busy in making preparations for the bloody work of the morrow. What a picture! Here upon an open space of a few miles were assembling a vast host of humanity from all parts of a mighty nation. Nearly every town and hamlet had sent some one who fell in the conflict. They sleep upon the spot that has become the nation's shrine. The husky rays of the full moon, piercing the fleecy clouds, looked down mournfully upon the strange spectacle.

W. H. Swallow.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

The True Story of Katharine Walton.

A Southerner, the writer naturally looks with pleasure for the *BIVOUAC*; a Charlestonian by birth, he naturally, too, read with great interest "Ante-Bellum Charleston," by Paul Hamilton Hayne. And it is to correct a statement of that writer that I now ask a limited space in that magazine, so valuable and interesting to the people of the South. I say a statement of Mr. Hayne's, but one for which that gifted writer, William Gilmore Simms, and not Mr. Hayne, was primarily responsible.

Mr. Simms made it a rule not to write of any historical character whose descendants were still in existence, and never until just shortly after the appearance of "Katharine Walton," when he was introduced to the great-granddaughter of "Mad Archie" Campbell, in the person of the writer's mother, was he aware of the existence of any of the descendants of that Revolutionary character.

In "Katharine Walton" he described, or rather gave the popular version of the romantic marriage of that dashing and impetuous British officer and Miss Paulina Phelps, as he called her, but whose proper name was Margaret Philip.

In giving his pen-pictures of Charleston in its early history, Mr. Hayne says:

"Katharine Walton" is the only historical romance in existence which gives us pictures, at once truthful and vivid, of Charleston and her people under the direct rule of her British captors.

"The social life of the city, the plots and counter-plots, the distinguished personages, Whig and Tory, are graphically presented.

"The book is thronged with entertaining episodes. One refers to an episode of that notorious English officer, 'Mad Archie Campbell,' who, in order to win a bet which he had impudently made with the colonel of his regiment, forced Paulina Phelps, a Tory beauty of the town, to marry him! When the parson was told by the young lady that she had been deceived by Campbell, who had merely proposed to accompany her on an afternoon drive 'up The Path,' that no engagement existed between them, and she must place herself under his Reverence's protection, Archie Campbell deliberately drew a pistol and overawed them both. The ceremony was performed, under protest, in the solitary country parsonage, and 'Mad Archie,' through his unparalleled audacity, won fifty guineas (the amount of the bet) and a pretty wife well endowed besides. . . . A few months after his honeymoon, having been taken prisoner by the Americans, he behaved so insubordinately that one of the guards shot him down. Paulina, report says, was easily comforted!"

The above is in some respects true, while in others it is unjust, and casts a reflection on the parties not merited. After over one hundred years have elapsed since the enactment of this romantic episode seems a strange time to correct a popular romance, but it has never appeared in print but once before (in Katharine Walton), and there was neither reason nor opportunity for easy correction.

The granddaughter of this marriage is still alive, a lady of eighty years, the head of a large family of children, grand- and great-grandchildren, in the person of the grandmother of the writer, Mrs. Margaret H. Heyward, now of Savannah, Georgia, formerly of Charleston, South Carolina.

At my request, and after reading the version of

Simms, again published in Anti-Bellum Charleston, Mrs. Heyward has prepared and sent me the following true story of this romantic affair of love during those troublesome times, as handed down by family tradition. She says:

"During the occupation of Charleston by the British, Major Archie Campbell, of the Dragoons, was stationed in the city. In consequence of his activity in the field and his reckless daring he obtained the *soubriquet* of 'Mad Archie,' to distinguish him from three others by the same name in that service. While there he became engaged to Miss Margaret Philp, an only child of Robert Philp, a prominent merchant of that city. Though an Englishman by birth, Philp warmly espoused the cause of the country of his adoption. When applied to for his consent, it was refused, for two reasons: one was that Campbell was a British officer, the other was ignorance of the social standing of Major Campbell in Scotland.

"References were immediately given to satisfactory parties, and, finding his daughter had given her consent, Mr. Philp promised to do the same, if the answer proved satisfactory.

"Communication between the two countries at that time was slow and uncertain. So the young people concluded they would not wait; but would get married and trust to be forgiven.

"Mrs. Philp and her daughter left Charleston one morning in her chaise, with out-rider, to visit their plantation the other side of Goose Creek Chapel (still an Episcopal Chapel, twenty miles north of Charleston, in good preservation). When opposite to the road leading to the parsonage, Major Campbell, with a party of his brother dragoons, according to previous arrangement with the young lady, rode up and surrounded the chaise; one party of them handed out the young lady and proceeded to the parsonage. On making known the purpose for which they came, Mr. Ellington, the rector, asked for the license. That, under the circumstances, had not been obtained. Major Campbell laid his pistol on the table, saying that was his license. Of course there was no further demur. While this was going on, those of the dragoons who remained in the road handed out Mrs. Philp, and seated her on a log by the roadside. Before leaving they cut the traces, apologizing politely for so doing.

"As soon as the damage could be repaired by the coachman, Mrs. Philp returned to Charleston to let her husband know what had taken place. She found that he had already been informed of the marriage, and that Major Campbell and bride were already with him. This was their home until her death.

"Major Campbell was absent from the city when peace was declared. When he reached Mount Pleasant (opposite Charleston, across Cooper River) on his return to the city, he found a company of the Americans from that place, under Colonel Venning, drawn up in line, preparatory to being disbanded. With his usual impetuosity, Major Campbell attacked them. At first the Americans had the advantage, and Major Campbell was taken prisoner and handed over to a guard by the Colonel of the American company, with orders, if he attempted to escape, to shoot him. The British then gained the advantage; on seeing which, Major Campbell made such desperate efforts to escape, that the guard carried out their orders, and shot him. When his body was carried home,

the outcry of the servants conveyed the news, without any preparation, to his wife, whose infant was then only about a week old. Convulsions ensued, followed by fever, which ended her young life in a few days."

The above is the true story, and was never in print before. As to the use of Major Campbell's name, Simms, as an author, had a perfect right to use it, as his activity in the field and his reckless daring merited it, but not so with Miss Philp, whom he called "Paulina Phelps." Her marriage was sufficiently romantic not to need embellishments drawn from his fertile imagination, as was done in "Katharine Walton."

Archie Campbell, who married Miss Philp, claimed to be a younger son of the then reigning Duke of Argyle, and just before the late war Mrs. Heyward received a letter from Lieutenant-Lord William Campbell, of the Queen's Guards, through an attorney, making inquiry about his brother's family. He said, "His brother had married a lady in Charleston; had left one child. She, he had understood, had married Dr. Deas, of Parkhurst Ferry. Wished to know if she was living, or, if dead, had left children; how many, their sex, ages, and, if possible, their baptismal registers."

Simms' version, that the said "Paulina Phelps" was frightened into marrying Major Campbell was positively false, and the imputation that "she was easily comforted" after his death, is as flatly contradicted by the fact that her death was produced by the sudden intelligence of his being killed. As soon as the death of Major Campbell was known in Scotland, every and the most persistent efforts were made by his family to obtain possession of the child, but they were as persistently thwarted by Mrs. Williams, her great-grandmother, who had entire charge of her.

Very Respectfully,

SAMUEL W. RAVENEL.

BOONVILLE, Mo., Oct. 29, 1885.

The Fight at Iuka.

"Personal Incidents of the War," in the November BIVOUAC, contains an account of an incident of the fight at Iuka, which, I think, should be somewhat toned down.

The language of the friend of your correspondent is more "graphic" than the facts fully warrant.

The battle of Iuka was fought late in the evening of 20th September, 1862. The forces engaged were General Hamilton's division, Federal army, and General Hebert's brigade and Martin's brigade, Little's division, Confederate army. For several days preceding, General Price had almost his entire army on the north side of the railroad, expecting an attack from Rosecrans, who was supposed to be at Corinth. A few hours before this engagement was joined he discovered that Hamilton was moving on him from Jacinto, a point some fifteen or sixteen miles to the southwest, and sent Hebert over south of railroad to intercept him. This that officer succeeded in accomplishing at a point about one and one half miles southwest of Iuka, and near where the roads from Bay Springs and Jacinto unite. Immediately after he sent Martin over, and when this officer reached the scene, Hebert's skirmishers were engaged. General Little had got there but a few minutes in advance, and, on Martin coming up, ordered his two

right regiments, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Mississippi, to file to the right to support Hebert in that direction, and the two left regiments, Thirty-seventh Alabama, and Thirty-sixth Mississippi, to file to the left to support Hebert's left. He took command of or directed the movements of the two right regiments; Colonel Martin, command of the two left regiments. A brisk skirmish fire was going on pending this disposition, and scarcely had it been finished when General Little fell mortally wounded.

The right regiments referred to, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Mississippi, moved some distance in the direction indicated by General Little, when they were faced to the front and ordered forward. They were in a thick undergrowth, and had scarcely moved twenty paces when they encountered a high fence. The firing from Hamilton was heavy, but they were not in range, the missiles flying mostly above them. Still, on reaching this obstruction, they became confused and broke. They were made up altogether of raw troops, had never been under fire, and their becoming confused under the circumstances was quite natural. Meantime, Hebert and the two left regiments of Martin's command, Thirty-seventh Alabama and Thirty-seventh Mississippi, had pushed forward and driven the main part of Hamilton's division some distance back. There was in fact but one onset on the part of Martin's command, after it got into place, viz., the one on the right, which resulted in a break, though by no means as bad a one

as the extract above seems to indicate; and one on the left, led by Martin, which was as gallantly performed as any charge that was made during the war, the extract above says: "General Price and staff were stationed on the side of a hill, while a Mississippi regiment was advancing." They came up while the movement I have described, the filing to right and left was being made, but did not stay long after the firing became general, as my old friend, Major John Tyler, who was in the group, and who, I believe, is still living, will testify. The extract further says: "They" (these two regiments) "were mowed down like ripe grain." As I have said above, they were not well in range, and their casualties were very slight as compared with those sustained by other commands engaged. There was not a great deal of what is called "thick of the fight" where these two regiments were. They were raw troops, commanded by inexperienced officers, and, finding themselves in a thick undergrowth with what seemed an impassable obstruction before them, suddenly exposed to fire, and became confused and broke. This is the whole story. I may add that these regiments bore themselves well, not only a few days after at Corinth, but throughout the war.

I write this simply to place the action of these two Mississippi regiments at Iuka in its proper light. The extract above is calculated to produce an impression prejudicial to them, though I have no idea the writer had any such object in view.

W. C. W.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE of the great advantages the Democratic party enjoys over the Republican party is in the fact that a Democratic politician, after long and arduous service in the field and the attainment of that age when active political effort is no longer possible, instead of being entirely deposed from council and authority and relegated to irksome obscurity, may be pensioned in a way greatly remunerative in honor, and sometimes in emolument, inasmuch as it still leaves him a voice in the dispensation of patronage. When a Democratic leader becomes too stiff to serve any longer as a "wheel-horse," or too old to be a "standard-bearer," we elevate him, if he has the right stuff in him, to the position of a "sage." Not every retired or invalidated Democratic leader, it is true, becomes a "sage," but they are all in the line of promotion, and have a chance for that distinction.

Now no man ever heard of a Republican "sage" any more than of a "Know-nothing sage" or a "Prohibition sage," and no man ever will. The "sage" business has, so far, been confined entirely within the ranks of the Democracy, and we very much doubt whether any amount of training or cultivation could make a veritable "sage," a "sage" who could pass inspection, out of a Republican. The veriest sap-head in the United States—if he has been here long enough to vote—knows, when he sees or hears allusion to the "Sage of Greystone" or the "Sage of Utica," that a Democrat is meant. He may not be able to recognize or remember the name of the gentleman who owns the title, but he will be ready to swear to his party affiliations.

The reason why the Democratic party has "sages," while the Republican party has not, is due, we think, not altogether to the fact that the former is the better and wiser party, but in large measure to its greater antiquity, and its more conservative care of its memories and traditions.

The sagehood itself commenced with Thomas Jefferson, and has come down to us from him in a sort of apostolic succession that can not but be held in reverence by the faithful. A party which abhors that which is "undemocratic" almost as much as that which is unconstitutional, will naturally have and maintain a council of ancients, wise beyond the generation, and profoundly learned in principle, legend, and usage, of whom, as of an oracle, the active participants in political contest may seek advice.

What the absolute requisites of the "sage" may be it is not altogether easy to declare. He must have reached, as already intimated, a period of life when the fullest maturity of judgment is supposed to have been attained, and when the wish to counsel discreetly has superseded the ambition to lead, however, brilliantly. He must, of course, be an encyclopedia of political information, and an infallible authority upon democratic doctrine and party precedent.

While a certain primitive simplicity is expected, and the sturdiest integrity demanded in his make-up, it is not well that he should be entirely guileless; on the contrary, he could never obtain his commission unless it was perfectly understood that he had long previously cut every one of his eye teeth, and di-

vested himself of the ordinary weaknesses and credulities of human nature as thoroughly as an astute old serpent has successfully cast the various skins which have marked the growth of his experiences.

He resembles his brother in poetry only in his virtues; he has nothing in common with that "gentle hermit of the dale," entreated by Goldsmith, or the conventional "sage" described in standard moral essays, except their lofty inaccessibility to sordid or corrupt influences. While invulnerable to influence himself, it is esteemed his "best holt" that he knows exactly how to manipulate other men, individually or collectively, and is always ready and willing to do so for the good of the country or party. That romantic poverty, disdainful gold and its uses, and delighting in caves, cresses, and cold water, which the literary fellows always ascribe to their "sages" is no trade-mark of our Democratic "sage." On the contrary, he most generally has a "bar'l," and there are some who think the "bar'l" an indispensable qualification. In short he need not, indeed ought not, to be "of the earth earthy," but he must be of the world worldly.

There is, however, and therein lies the difficulty of exactly describing him, a peculiar power, a sublimated sagacity, an exalted sort of magnetism about the "sage" of whom we speak, readily to be recognized, but almost impossible to define.

No one, for instance, would think of disputing the claims of Mr. Tilden or Governor Seymour to the rank. Judge Thurman will, doubtless, be unanimously elected at no distant date. Old Governor Allen could have had the place at any time he might have chosen to ask for it. The Honorable John W. Stevenson can not escape it if he would, and he will sit with the wisest and the best. Alex. Stephens might have been elected by a tight squeeze. Robert Toombs hadn't as much "sage" material in him as would make a cockroach a square meal. The Honorable Joseph McDonald's prospects, at one time, seemed bright. That retirement from active political life, of which we have spoken as an indispensable qualification for sagehood, he has long been sure of. But it is hardly to be hoped that the Democracy will make a "sage" of any man after having dubbed him "Old Saddle-bags."

The names of many other distinguished gentlemen might be mentioned in connection with this revered and responsible position. The Honorable D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, and the Honorable J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, have been suggested but not strongly urged. For the present it would be almost a contradiction in terms to style either of them a "sage." They would make a couple of rather hasty, off-hand, combative "sages;" that is to say, a brace of utterly inconceivable and impossible "sages." We

can scarcely imagine a "sage" other than as deliberate, strategic, accustomed to take aim "with a rest," and shoot his game at long range. If, however, the mantle shall descend upon them, the "sage of Terre Haute" will give bold and faithful counsel, and the oracle at Versailles will be rarely ambiguous and never reticent. But we hope that both will long be preserved to us and actively employed in the forum, where they are now so earnest and efficient.

We would not repeat the declaration that it is impossible for an unrepentant Republican politician ever to become a "sage"—inasmuch as it may wound the feelings of some excellent men, and by reflex action hurt our own—were it not that we are striving to inculcate a great and important truth. We will not attempt to enter more fully into the subject than we have already done, but having mentioned some of those among the Democrats whose claims to the exalted and coveted distinction are indisputable and acknowledged, and some others who could never pass examination, we will say, that if the Republican leaders are taken up and passed in review, the argument by "exclusion" will be found fatal to every one of them. Let us consider, for instance, their *magnus Apollo*, the most famous, fascinating, and influential of them all, the Honorable James G. Blaine. He possesses the retirement and the "bar'l," both in an eminent degree, yet who—if we may be permitted a mild colloquialism—would ever "play him for a 'sage'?" The rank and file of his party, so devoted to and ready to follow him as a leader, would no more rely on him as a "sage" than a bluegrass man would think of drinking "moonshine" whisky.

Horace Greeley did, indeed, become a "sage"—one of the biggest and brightest in the serene and shining galaxy, but not until he was converted and baptized. After he received the Democratic nomination, it was, that "Old Greeley" was transfigured and became the "sage of Chappaqua." Even the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher felt the sanctifying influence and was tangibly affected by it when he supported and voted for Cleveland. Under Democratic inspiration he was rapidly approaching the confines of the inner circle and treading on the very "ragged edge" of sagehood.

But we have said enough to establish the proposition with which we started out, that this order, faculty, or hierarchy, for the sagehood partakes of the nature of all, is peculiarly a democratic institution. Let us sedulously cherish and maintain it. There is no cause for despondency so long as the time-honored customs and fundamental principles of the party are kept inviolate. Upon this bed-rock we will continue to build, and not even civil service reform shall prevail against us to any alarming extent.

SALMAGUNDI.

ONE of the bravest men and best soldiers in the Second Kentucky Cavalry (C. S. A.), the regiment of which General John H. Morgan was the first Colonel, was Ogden Fontaine. His reputation for dash and obstinate pluck was so well established that he was very frequently detailed for service where those qualities would be especially needed. During the latter part of the war he was serving

in the advance guard of Duke's brigade, a body of picked men, who were kept pretty constantly employed as skirmishers. On one occasion, when the Confederate forces, which had been stationed in the vicinity of Abingdon, Virginia, under command of General Breckinridge, were advancing into East Tennessee, this advance guard, which had been thrown forward several miles in front of the col-

umn as a scouting party, encountered a Federal cavalry regiment, and was forced to retire. In doing so, however, it was hotly pursued and peppered by the Yanks, and, after a lively scamper of a mile or two, the commander resolved, upon reaching an exceptionally strong position, to halt and try to hold his assailants in check until the column, whose march he knew would be accelerated by the firing, if it had been heard, should arrive.

The spot selected for making the halt was accordingly occupied, but, to the surprise of his comrades, Fontaine, who had dropped to the rear during the chase, faced about some fifty yards from the position where all the others had already taken shelter, and began deliberately to blaze away with both revolvers upon the enemy now close upon him. The boys opened a brisk fire, which did him some service, and he maintained his hazardous post, although badly wounded, until the more advanced pursuers, who had outridden the main body, fell back in their turn. He then rode slowly to the line. There was no chance at the time, of course, for much comment on this incident, as the fight was almost immediately resumed, and continued until the arrival of the brigade sent the enemy to the right about. But that night, when we went into camp, there was a great deal of talk over it. Every one was loud in praise of Fontaine's gallantry, although a few slightly intimated that he was not exactly right in the upper story.

Some of his friends called to see him at the house where the surgeon had caused him to be taken, and found him stretched on the floor, swathed in bloody bandages. After proper expressions of condolence, one of the visitors remarked, "Your conduct to-day was very heroic, Ogden. It will make you famous."

"Heroic, h—ll; famous, be d—d!" shouted Fontaine; "What are you talking about?"

"Why, about what you did to-day, of course. Didn't we all see you deliberately stop and face the Yankees single-handed?"

"Then you take me to be a deliberate d—d fool!" ejaculated the wounded hero, in hot ire. "I didn't want to stop. I was doing my level best to get to cover with the balance of you. But every time I spurred that infernal 'natural' I was riding—my bay mare's back got sore and I had to leave her and pick up that d—d brute on yesterday—whenever I touched him he'd sulk; and when I rammed both spurs into him, he stopped short, and whirled right around in the road with me. So don't come foolin' round me with any of your blasted nonsense about heroism and fame. I won't stand it."

When Major J. Fry Lawrence was a "weigher of tobacco" in Louisville, some eighteen or twenty years ago, he would sometimes indulge his waggish propensities and love of a joke in a way which, while it afforded infinite amusement to the fun-loving habitues of the great tobacco mart, would occasion his victims sore distress of mind, and the good-hearted Major himself no little compunction.

One of the best things he ever got off, however, was as much enjoyed by the party upon whom it was perpetrated as by any one else; and was really, although unexpectedly, the cause of an important negotiation coming to a successful termination.

During Major Lawrence's term of office, the to-

bacco shippers of Louisville realized the extreme importance of making provision for through bills of lading on tobacco to European ports. To facilitate the transportation of the great staple in such wise became so pressing a necessity, that the parties chiefly interested determined to send a special agent to New York to confer with the big railroad people and effect the desired arrangement, so far as their co-operation could secure it. The gentleman selected for this mission, Mr. D—, was one of the shrewdest and most active parties connected with the business in Louisville, and was anxious, of course, to take with him to New York the strongest credentials he could procure. After having gotten documents stating the purport of his embassy, and heartily indorsing its object, from the warehousemen and chief buyers of the market, Mr. D—, upon casually meeting Major Lawrence, just before he started, remarked, "By the way, Fry, isn't there some influential party in New York to whom you could give me a letter?"

The Major seemed to muse profoundly before replying, then said, "Well, I know very few people in New York, and can't pretend to have any particular influence with any one, unless it be Commodore Vanderbilt. But I can hardly suppose that a letter to him would do you any good!"

"A letter to Vanderbilt do no good!" ejaculated D—; "Why, great Scotts, man! that's just the letter that will do good. Let me have it at once." Nothing loath, the Major walked into the office of the Pickett Warehouse, and wrote a long letter to the old Commodore, urging him in the strongest terms to help his friend D— in the little matter he had in hand, and reminding him of many meetings between them, which had never occurred, and many reciprocal good offices, entirely imaginary; for, sooth to say, the Major had never seen or held any previous communication with the Commodore, and he was "keen to swear" that the Commodore had never heard of him. He finished the letter and handed it to D— with a grave and composed demeanor, although inwardly chuckling as he thought to himself, "Now, won't that letter astonish old Vanderbilt, and won't he turn around and astonish D—!"

D— went on to New York, and the Major told the story after he had gone, amid great merriment and many speculations as to the treatment D— would receive from Vanderbilt. In due time D— returned. Major began then to realize that possibly an interview with him might be unpleasant, and, to spare D—'s feelings, carefully avoided him.

But one day, as he was rounding the bulge of an immense hoghead of tobacco, much taller than himself, he met D— face to face. Before he could make up his mind what to do, D— grasped him by both hands, and exclaimed, "My dear Fry, I owe you a thousand thanks. That letter to Vanderbilt did the business. He took hold of it and put it right through for me. He spoke so kindly of you, too. Said he thought he recollected you when you lived in Boston. How is it, you never told me you had lived in Boston?"

The amazement with which the Major heard this speech infinitely exceeded the astonishment he had anticipated his letter would occasion Vanderbilt. D— went on, "I feel that I ought, in some way, to repay such an obligation. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Well, yes;" the Major at length said, slowly and confidentially, "You can give me a letter of introduction to Vanderbilt."

